

THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

And Weekly Review;

Forming an Analysis and General Repository of Literature, Philosophy, Science, Arts, History, the Drama, Morals, Manners, and Amusements.

This Paper is published early every Saturday Morning; and is forwarded, Weekly, and in Monthly or Quarterly Parts, throughout the British Dominions.

No. 180.

LONDON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1822.

Price 6d.

Review of New Books.

The Life of Ali Pacha, of Janina, Vizier of Epirus; surnamed Aslan, or the Lion. From various Authentic Documents. 8vo. pp. 320. London, 1822.

So much has appeared in the first and second volumes of *The Literary Chronicle*, relative to the famous Ali Pacha, that it will prevent us from entering so largely into the subject, on the present occasion, as we might be expected to do. Indeed, an ingenious book-maker might have furnished a good memoir of the Albanian chief, from our pages alone.

The author of the present volume has, however, done more, for he has taken as his groundwork a French production, by Mr. Beauchamp, entitled '*Vie d'Ali Pacha*,' and enlarged it by extracts and illustrations from the works of those who have travelled in Albania, and given accounts of the Tyrant of Epirus. These he has interwoven into one continued narrative of very even texture, and thus made an interesting volume.

The author, in his Introduction, very properly remarks, that we should ill appreciate the character of Ali Pacha were we to view it independently of the country which gave him birth, the circumstances under which he lived, the government to which he owed his elevation, and the ferocious warfare and manners of the people whom he was appointed to command. Of these the author takes due notice in his memoir, which he prefaces by some preliminary observations upon ancient and modern Epirus, the character of its inhabitants, and the revolutions of which it has been the theatre.

Of the life of Ali Pacha we shall not give many details, for the reasons already stated: he is generally supposed to have been born in 1750, at Tepelini, about 20 leagues north of Janina. His early education to arms, his high sense of the dishonour put upon his house by the violation of his mother and sister, at Gardiki, his steady determina-

tion to avenge their wrongs, until, almost half a century afterwards, he laid Gardiki in ashes, have all been fully stated in our reviews of Hughes', and other travels in Greece. The facts are enumerated more fully here, but do not contain sufficient novelty to induce us to go over them again.

The war with the Sulists, the signal traits of bravery and patriotism displayed by this brave people, until they became nearly exterminated, are well, and, we believe, very correctly detailed. These we also purposely pass over, and come at once to the tyrant's death, which differs in some respect from the accounts that have appeared of it in the public journals, and bears an air of authenticity about it. We must premise that Ali Pacha had fortified himself in Janina, and long bid defiance to Churchid Pacha, the Turkish general:

'Cannon and mortars having arrived in his camp, the cannonade and bombardment recommenced. On the 24th July, the castle situated in the middle of the lake, and in which Ali was, took fire, and almost all his magazines were reduced to ashes. This dreadful conflagration, the cause of which was unknown, (the castle being out of the range of the guns,) lasted four days, during which time Ali exhibited an example of wonderful constancy and firmness.

'Greater in adversity than he had ever shewn himself in prosperity, he was seen giving his orders, and providing for the general defence, with admirable sang-froid and unshaken resolution. Amid the general distress, he deprived himself of all the luxuries, all the comforts of life; sharing his bread, his tobacco, and coffee, with his brave companions in arms, and being henceforth only anxious to live and die a soldier. The Greeks were charmed with his undaunted resolution and generous self-denial. The siege of Janina was, next to the operations of their fleet, of the greatest advantage to their cause. The as yet invincible resistance of the aged and intrepid Ali had greatly contributed to favour the insurrection of Peloponnesus and the Isles. The report of his death, which was again spread in Churchid's camp, was only a stratagem to discourage the Vizier's adherents. The siege of the forts of Janina soon became nothing more than a siege of observation. Out of seven Pachas three had been detached to combat the

insurgents of Albania and Greece. Churchid himself began his march on the 2d September, with a considerable detachment of infantry, cavalry, and artillery, amounting to twelve thousand men. After three different attacks, equally sanguinary on both sides, the insurgents lost all their artillery, and were at length forced to retreat in disorder. Churchid then took up the position called the *Seven Pits*, and remained master of the communications with his principal corps, which continued the blockade of Janina. A Greek corps, which was marching from that town to Ali's assistance, halted upon learning the defeat of the insurgents of Epirus; and, about six leagues from Preveza, took up a position, for the defence of which the Greeks were obliged to collect all their dispersed corps.

'Thus, upon every point along his line, Churchid, who had been reinforced from Bosnia and Vidin, resumed offensive operations with the greatest energy. He solicited and obtained from the Grand Seignior permission to negotiate with the Albanian insurgents, and to use moderation with the Mahometan chiefs; but the Grand Seignior was inexorable towards Ali Pacha. The *Old Lion*, so he was called by the Turks, was now at bay, in great want of provisions, and daily getting rid of the superfluous numbers of his garrison, by detachments of from one to two hundred men, who dispersed themselves among the mountains and up the country. Ali, by his numerous emissaries, neglected nothing to foment the general spirit of revolt; he was lavish of his treasures. It is asserted, that he placed about 80,000*l.* at the disposal of the provisional Greek Senate of Tripolitza, and that, in the instrument by which he made over this donation to them, and of which two Albanian chiefs were the bearers, he assumed the name of *Constantine*, and felicitated the valiant Hellenes upon the favourable turn which their affairs had taken. Although the *Old Lion* fought only for himself, and not for the Greeks, it was very clear, that if he overcame his enemies, nothing but misfortune and ruin could result to the Ottoman empire. If, on the contrary, he yielded to the force of arms or the infirmities of age, it appeared impossible that Peloponnesus could longer defend itself against the efforts of the Turks.

'Churchid did not fail to communicate these considerations to the Divan, whose entire confidence he had gained by the accuracy of his views and the energy of his

operations. On the 13th of November he received a fresh reinforcement of Asiatic troops, which increased his blockading army to twenty-five thousand men. He was also furnished with power to call upon all the neighbouring Pachas to join his standard whenever he should see occasion. He now, therefore, made dispositions for carrying the forts of Janina by escalade. At the same time, he manned and armed a small flotilla, for the purpose of attacking the Island of the Lake, which Ali was preparing to evacuate. Churchid announced to his soldiers, that the general assault would take place on the 20th of November. The reports which he disseminated with great ability, tended to produce defection amid Ali's garrison, and to induce him to enter into negotiations; for Churchid was particularly anxious to take him alive. In all the instructions which he received from Constantinople, he was expressly recommended to direct his principal attention to Ali's treasures, which were represented to amount to an enormous sum, in specie, jewels, and ingots.

But, whether from bravado or from a wish to keep up the drooping spirits of his soldiers, Ali still swore that before the month of February he would plant the Greek standard upon the walls of Adrianople. But about December, being in want of every necessary, fearing to be deserted or betrayed, and pressed by the solicitations of his confidants, especially by his favourite Vasiliki, Ali at length resolved to open a negotiation. Churchid promised him he would overcome the Grand Seignior's resentment, who still remained inexorable. Thus, after an eighteen-month's siege and a most heroic defence, this extraordinary man, who had reigned as a sovereign over Epirus, was reduced to *bargain* for his life with the avenging ministers of the Ottoman Porte. It was not to be expected that so important a negotiation between two old men equally brave and artful should be brought to a speedy termination: it was suspended. Towards the close of December, Churchid, who had got possession of the Isle of the Lake, whether by force, or from its having been evacuated by Ali, limited his operations to confining Ali as closely as possible within his fortress. In vain had the rebel garrison given the *Old Lion* astonishing proofs of a noble and generous devotion to his person. The termination of all resistance was fast approaching. In these desperate circumstances, Ali, whose troops were now reduced to only six hundred, had to regret the desertion of his engineer Caretto, a Neapolitan adventurer, who immediately, upon arriving at the Turkish camp, informed the besiegers how to direct the fire of their batteries with the greatest effect. The destruction of Ali was no longer doubtful in the Turkish camp, and at Constantinople. It might still, however, have been deferred, had not an epidemic, the inevitable consequence of a protracted siege, afforded Tahir Abas and Mouhardar Aga an opportunity of

prevailing upon four hundred and fifty Albanians, who formed a part of Ali's little garrison, to open to Churchid the gates of the fortress of Litaritza. Ali was now reduced to take refuge, with about sixty of his most resolute adherents, in the citadel, a place very strongly fortified both by nature and art, and in which was the tomb of his wife Emineh. He had previously transported to this place provisions, his treasures, and an enormous quantity of powder, being determined to bury himself in its ruins rather than yield.

Having thus gained possession of the fort of Litaritza, Churchid immediately formed strong trenches from the points of Teke and Saint Maure, which completely surrounded the fortress of the lake, and thus cut off the *Old Lion* from all hopes of succour. Thus shut up in his last asylum, with a handful of men determined to brave death, Ali had it notified to Churchid, that it was his intention to set fire to two hundred thousand pounds' weight of powder, and thus blow himself up, if the Sultan did not grant him a pardon and his life. This was not a vain menace from a man who was more disposed to imitate the heroic end of the Caloyer Samuel and of Mustapha Bairactar, than the example of his own children, who had both fallen by the fatal cord: Churchid also knew that Ali kept, night and day, in his powder magazine, a Turk named Selim, at all times ready to sacrifice his life, and who was always provided with a lighted match for the purpose of firing the magazine whenever his master should give the signal. It was upon this volcano, the fatal explosion of which a spark was sufficient to produce, that the *Old Lion* founded his last hopes. It was in this his purposed tomb that he had shut up his dear and devoted wife; and it was here that he every night repaired to snatch a few moments of repose.

These circumstances, as well as Ali's intentions, being known, kept the besiegers at a certain distance from the fatal tower; their courage was not proof against the two hundred thousand pounds of powder, which would in a moment have destroyed the existence of thousands. In this painful perplexity, Churchid, after having taken the advice of his council, had it announced to the rebel by one of his officers, sent with a flag of truce, that at length the Sultan had listened to his prayers and earnest solicitations, and had granted to the vizier Ali his pardon; that he had been empowered by the Divan to grant him a full and entire amnesty, provided he would immediately repair to Constantinople, and there prostrate himself before the feet of his master, who would be satisfied with this act of submission. That upon this condition his highness would permit him to retain his treasures; and that he might even, with a few followers, retire to any part of Asia Minor most agreeable to him, where he might end his days in tranquillity and peace. The Sultan's Seraskier added, that the fir-

man of mercy was on the road; but that, previously to its arrival, it was necessary that Ali should repair to the Island of the Lake, there to confer with Churchid in person.

In short, to give him a proof of the sincerity of his reconciliation, and a particular guarantee for his safety, the Seraskier consented that every thing in the citadel should remain upon its present footing; that is, that the lighted match should still be entrusted to Selim, and the garrison continue in the same state.

Ali acceded to Churchid's proposals, whether he was blinded to his fate, or whether it was a part of his destiny to fall by the same snares which he had so often laid for his own enemies. He embarked with about a dozen of his officers, and repaired to the Island of the Lake. The Sultan's Seraskier had ordered a magnificent apartment to be prepared for Ali in the same monastery of Sotiras where he was accused of having starved to death Mustapha Pacha of Delvino. There, for seven days, Ali was treated with every mark of respect, and had frequent conferences with the Turkish generals, many of whom had formerly been attached to him. They continually assured him of the certainty of his pardon. Whether Ali was completely deceived, or whether he placed no confidence in the act of clemency and pardon, he still continued to form intrigues, and congratulated himself upon having accepted the first proposals of the Seraskier. His confidence also was increased by knowing that the fatal match was still in the hands of his faithful Selim, and that his treasures placed upon the barrels of gunpowder, would be blown up at the first signal; and that his head without his riches, would be no gratification to the Grand Seignior, whose only object was his spoliation.

Such was the state of both parties, when, on the morning of the 5th of February, Churchid Pacha despatched to Ali, Hassan Pacha, formerly the Sultan's admiral, to announce to him that his pardon had at length arrived. The Seraskier congratulated him upon it, and persuaded him to answer this proof of the Sultan's clemency by a corresponding token of his ready and perfect submission. He therefore proposed to him, first, to order Selim to give up the lighted match; and, afterwards, to command the garrison to evacuate their last intrenchments, after having planted the imperial ensign upon the battlements; and that then only the Grand Seignior's act of clemency would be declared to him in form.

This demand immediately opened Ali's eyes, but it was now too late. He answered—"that upon quitting the fortress, he had ordered Selim to obey his verbal order only; that any other, though even written and signed by his own hand, would be ineffective with that faithful servant; and he therefore requested he might be allowed to go himself and order him to retire." This permission was refused

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him; and a long dispute followed, in which all the sagacity and address of Ali Pacha were of no avail. The officers of the Seraskier renewed to him the strongest assurances, swearing even upon the Koran that they had no intention to deceive him.

Ali, after hesitating a long time, encouraged by a faint glimmering of hope, and convinced that nothing could now alter his situation, at length made up his mind. He then drew from the folds of his vest the half of a ring, the other half of which remained in Selim's possession: "Go," said he, "present this to him, and that ferocious lion will be changed into a timid and obedient lamb." At sight of this token from his master, Selim, having prostrated himself, extinguished the match, and was instantly poniarded. The garrison, from whom this murder was concealed, having had the order from Ali Pacha notified to them, immediately hoisted the imperial standard, and were replaced by a body of Turkish troops.

'It was now noon, and Ali, who still remained in the Island of the Lake, felt an unusual agitation, accompanied by extreme depression of spirits: he did not, however, suffer his features to betray the internal emotions of his soul. At this awful moment, with a firm and courageous countenance, he sat surrounded by his officers, who were for the most part desperately wounded, or worn out with fatigue and anxiety. Ali's frequent yawnings, however, proved that nature had not resigned all her claims upon him. But at sight of his arms, his daggers, his pistols, and blunderbuss, the stupor produced by over-excitement cleared off from his brow, and his eye again glistened with its former fire. He was seated fronting the door which led to the conference-chamber, when, about five o'clock in the afternoon, Hassan Pacha, Omer Bey Brioni, the Selictar of Churchid Pacha, and several other officers of the Turkish army, entered with their suite: the gloom upon their countenance was of direful presage. At sight of them, Ali arose with all the impetuosity of youth, and, grasping one of his pistols—"Stop! what is it you bring me?" cried he to Hassan, with a voice of thunder—"The firman of his Highness: know you not his sacred characters?" (shewing him the signature.)—"Yes, and I revere them."—"If so," said Hassan, "submit to your fate, perform your ablutions, and make your prayer to God and to the Prophet: your head is demanded." Ali would not permit him to conclude:—"My head," replied he furiously, "is not to be delivered up so easily." These words, uttered with astonishing quickness, were accompanied by a pistol-ball, by which Hassan's thigh was broken. With the rapidity of lightning, Ali drew forth his other pistols, with which he shot two more of his adversaries dead upon the spot, and already had levelled his blunderbuss loaded with slugs, when the Selictar, in the midst of the affray, (for Ali's adhe-

rents defended their master with the utmost fury,) shot him in the abdomen. Another ball struck him in the breast, and he fell, crying out to one of his sicaires—"Go, my friend, despatch poor Vasiliki, that these dogs may not profane her beauteous form." Scarcely had he uttered these words when he expired, after having killed or wounded four of the principal officers of the Turkish army. Many of his followers had fallen by his side before the apartment was in possession of their adversaries. His head, being separated from his body and embalmed, was the next day sent to Constantinople by Churchid Pacha. It arrived there on the 23d February; the Sultan had it carried to the seraglio, where it was shewn to the Divan, after which it was promenaded in triumph through the capital, the whole population of which, intoxicated with joy, were anxious to behold features which, when animated, had inspired so much terror. It was afterwards exhibited at the grand portal of the seraglio, with the decree of death affixed to the side of it.

'Such was the end of Ali Pacha!—of that "Colossus," say the Epirotes, "who has disappeared from among a people whose ferocity he had considerably softened; and who, had his energies been directed by better principles, might have been ranked among the friends and benefactors of mankind!"

We confess we have been much pleased with this memoir, which is fairly and impartially written in an easy and agreeable style, well suited for the purpose of biography.

An Account of the last Illness, Decease, and Post Mortem Appearances of Napoleon Bonaparte. By Archibald Arnott, M. D. 8vo. pp. 39. London, 1822.

THIS little pamphlet is a sort of demi-official report of the circumstances that attended the sickness and death of one of the greatest men the world has produced. Public attention, ever occupied on Bonaparte, had been particularly directed to his health during his confinement at St. Helena, from the various statements that had appeared respecting it. His gaolers, for so we must consider the British ministers, represented through their agents that the air was extremely salubrious, and that whatever indisposition Napoleon might feel, it could not be attributed to the climate. His friends, on the contrary, declared that a liver complaint which was hastening him to his grave, was superinduced by the climate, and by the state of confinement in which he was kept. 'Who shall decide when doctors disagree?' We certainly shall

not, because our opinion of the treatment of Bonaparte is the same, whether it caused his death or not. We consider the conduct of the British government towards the fallen Emperor to be one of the foulest reproaches on our national honour, justice, and humanity, that history has recorded; and with this opinion, the guilt does not vary, whether the victim had the physical strength to outlive his torture for twenty years or twenty months. This does not affect the injustice or inhumanity of the measure at all, but leaves it to rest on its own basis.

Dr. Arnott, in his preface, states that he was the only English surgeon in attendance on Napoleon some weeks before he closed his mortal career; that he every day noted the symptoms and progress of the disease, and that these notes, with very little addition, are now given to the public. We now come to the journal, from which we shall select a few passages:—

'Before I visited Napoleon Bonaparte, I was consulted upon his case on the 25th of March, by his own medical attendant, Professor Antomarchi, who stated to me that Napoleon Bonaparte had long been labouring under some great derangement of function in the digestive organs, which was characterised by gastrodinia, nausea, and vomiting, especially after taking food, very obstinate costiveness, and great wasting of flesh and strength. He further mentioned, that on the 17th of that month (March), Napoleon Bonaparte had been seized with a febrile attack, which he (Professor Antomarchi) in Italian termed *febbre gastrica pituitosa*. He informed me that he had administered an emetic, cathartics, and antimonials in small doses, with the view of determining to the surface at the onset of the fever; however, he said, the symptoms were still urgent,—viz. increased heat, great prostration of strength, pain in the epigastric region, most distressing vomiting, and constipated bowels.'

* * * * *

'Two days after, I again met Professor Antomarchi, who informed me that Napoleon Bonaparte had objected to the use of medicine, or remedies in any shape, and preferred leaving the disease to nature.

'On the evening of the 1st of April, at half-past ten o'clock, Professor Antomarchi called on me at the orderly officer's quarters at Longwood, and said that he had "just come from the Emperor, who wished to see me immediately." I accordingly accompanied Professor Antomarchi, and was led by him through a labyrinth of passages and rooms dimly lighted. When we reached Napoleon Bonaparte's bed-room there was no light whatever in it—it was perfectly dark. Count Montholon met me at the door—I

knew his voice—he led me up to Napoleon Bonaparte's bed-side, and introduced me. After the usual ceremony of introduction had passed, I inquired into his state of health, and the nature of his complaints. I could not see him, as he would not permit a light to be brought into the room, but felt him. The pulse was tranquil, heat moderate, and the moisture on the skin rather more than natural. He complained much of his belly, which I examined, but could discover no tension or hardness. The bowels were slow, and appetite bad. His voice was strong, and he had some cough.

On visiting Napoleon Bonaparte on the morning of the 2d of April, we were informed that he had passed a restless night, had perspired profusely, and was then in a state of great debility. Pulse was 76 and regular, heat moderate, thirst inconsiderable, tongue loaded, countenance remarkably pallid. He complained of a gnawing pain in his stomach, with constant nausea and vomiting; the bowels were very slow, seldom an evacuation without the assistance of an *enema*; urine natural; spirits appeared much depressed; he manifested strong objections to taking medicine, and refused to take any in a fluid state: indeed, his stomach was so irritable, that it was seldom either food or medicine would remain on it. However, under all circumstances, Professor Antomarchi and myself considered it most essential to clear the *primæ viæ*—we accordingly proposed to our patient that he should take medicine for that purpose immediately, and further recommended him to take jellies and such other light nutriment as the stomach would best bear. At first he objected to medicine altogether, but at length we did obtain from him a conditional consent to take some aperient, and, as he gave the preference to the form of pill, we ordered the *pilul. aloes comp.* every six or eight hours, as occasion should require.

On visiting him again in the evening, we found he had not taken the medicine, as recommended in the morning, nor could we prevail upon him to take it, and having had no alvine evacuation for forty-eight hours, we ordered an *enema*.

* * * *

On the 9th, and until the evening of the 10th, the *primæ viæ* continued free; he had several copious dejections, and during that time he was comparatively easy; but on the evening of the 10th, the nausea and vomiting returned, the stomach rejected every thing he swallowed, and his strength appeared to be sinking rapidly; yet the pulse was 72 and regular. He on that day said to me,—“that the fever was now past, and that he had returned to the state he had been in for the last eight months, viz. great weakness and want of appetite;” at the same time he placed his hand over the liver, and said to me, “le foie;” upon which, although I had done it before, and given my opinion that there was no disease of

the liver, I examined the right hypochondriac region again, and not finding any indication or fulness whatever, and judging from the symptoms in general, I told him “that I did not apprehend there was any disease of the liver; that perhaps there might be a little want of action in it.”

What the enemies of Napoleon have said as to his not being afflicted with a liver complaint, is here confirmed by a gentleman who cannot certainly be considered as an enemy, and whose evidence is quite as much entitled to credit, and whose judgment full as infallible as that of Mr. O'Meara. We do not deem it necessary to trace the progress of this disease to its termination, for the subject, however important in a professional point of view, can possess but little interest to the general reader. We shall therefore, conclude with some very judicious reflections which Dr. Arnott makes on Napoleon's disease, the climate, &c.:—

‘It will no doubt appear singular that a person of Napoleon Bonaparte's habits should have been affected with schirrus and cancer of the stomach:—a man who was noted for temperance, and never in his life indulged in any excess which could tend to produce such an affection.

‘I have seen the disease before, but it was in men addicted to ardent spirits,—decided dram drinkers.

‘We are given to understand, from great authority, that this affection of the stomach cannot be produced without a considerable predisposition of the parts to the disease, and that, when there is no previous disposition, the stomach does not become affected with that disease. Whether Napoleon Bonaparte had any hereditary disposition towards this disease, I will not venture an opinion; but it is somewhat remarkable, that he often said that his father died of schirrus of the pylorus; that the body was examined after death, and the fact ascertained. His faithful followers, Count and Countess Bertrand, and Count Montholon, have repeatedly declared the same to me.

‘If, then, it should be admitted that a previous disposition of the parts to this disease did exist, might not the depressing passions of the mind act as an exciting cause? It is more than probable that Napoleon Bonaparte's mental sufferings in St. Helena were very poignant; by a man of such unbounded ambition, and who once aimed at universal dominion, captivity must have been severely felt.

‘The climate of St. Helena I consider healthy; the air is pure and temperate, and Europeans enjoy their health, and retain the vigour of their constitution, as in their native country.

‘It is true, I have witnessed a great deal of disease in St. Helena, but that, viz. dysentery, and other acute diseases of the abdominal viscera, prevailed among the troops. The sickness of English sol-

diers, however, is not always a criterion of the insalubrity of a colony; their habits are very different from those of the higher ranks of life; they do not take that care of themselves which is so indispensable in a tropical climate to guard against atmospheric vicissitudes; they are also prone to intemperance, which renders the system more susceptible of disease; added to which, the duties of the soldiers in St. Helena were very severe, the strength of the garrison giving only *one* relief for night duty; and the working parties and fatigues were moreover very laborious on the days the men were off guard. But the officers who had little night duty retained their health and strength as in Europe. I can therefore safely assert, that any one of temperate habits, who is not exposed to much bodily exertion, night air, and atmospheric changes, as a soldier necessarily must be, may have as much immunity from disease in St. Helena as in Europe; and I may therefore further assert, that the disease of which Napoleon Bonaparte died was *not* the effect of climate.

‘Schirrus or cancer of the stomach is generally an obscure disease,—I know of no certain diagnosis of it: nausea, vomiting, and obstinate costiveness, are usually present, but these symptoms are also characteristic of other diseases of the chylæotic viscera. Nevertheless, in the case of Napoleon Bonaparte, I did entertain a notion that some morbid alteration of structure in the stomach had taken place. My attention was first drawn to this when I learned that his father had died of schirrus of the pylorus; and, on the 27th and 28th of April, when he began to vomit the dark-coloured offensive fluid, I had little doubt but that ulceration had taken place in the stomach.

‘The history Napoleon Bonaparte himself gave me of his illness, together with corresponding information I had from the persons composing his family, convinced me that he had been longer affected with the disease than was imagined. I was informed, that during the whole year of 1820 he had nausea and vomiting occasionally, and frequent accessions of fever. He lost altogether his natural appetite, and his countenance became remarkably pallid. Even so far back as the latter end of the year 1817, he was affected with pain in the stomach, nausea, and vomiting, especially after taking food. I am therefore inclined to think that the disease was *then* in its incipient stage, because, from that time, all the symptoms progressively increased till he died. The anomalous accessions of fever, and other constitutional arrangements he had been so long affected with, were, in my opinion, hectic symptoms; and I firmly believe that the sharp febrile attack he had on the 17th of March, although supposed to be the commencement of the disease, was nothing more than an aggravated paroxysm of hectic. Every practitioner is aware how irregular fits of hectic are, and how they vary

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from one another, seldom continuing to return in the same manner. In Napoleon Bonaparte's case the pulse was never very frequent; I could not, however, find out how it beat when he was in good health; its standard may have been low. There are few diseases in which the pulse is a better diagnosis than in hectic fever; yet, in some patients, although we find the health and strength wasting daily, the pulse beats as quietly and regularly as in perfect health.

'I conceive it would be an injustice to those distinguished personages who composed Napoleon Bonaparte's family, Count and Countess Bertrand, and Count Montholon, as well as to Monsieur Marchand, his first valet, if I were not to mention here their unremitting care and attention to him in his last illness: no language of mine can sufficiently express the solicitude they evinced for his recovery, and how eagerly they vied with each other in administering those little attentions, more easily conceived than described, but so essential and soothing on a sick bed.—The scene of sorrow Longwood House presented on the evening that great and extraordinary man breathed his last, will never be erased from my memory.'

This is a sensible and well-written pamphlet, and will be read with eagerness by all who feel an interest in the fate of one at whose command empires were created or dissolved, and whose nod the listening world obeyed.

The Liberal. Verse and Prose from the South.

(Concluded from p. 658.)

HAVING, in our preceding number, very frankly stated our opinion, generally, of the principles on which 'The Liberal' is conducted, and spoken pretty freely of the principal article which it contains, Lord Byron's Parody on Southey's Vision of Judgment, we shall now briefly notice some of the remaining articles of this famed Pisan periodical; this medley of 'Verse and Prose from the South.' Lord Byron's 'Letter to the Editor of my Grandmother's Review' we have spoken of as one of the smartest things in the whole book. It is followed by the 'Florentine Lovers,' of which more anon; then comes another article by Lord Byron, entitled 'Rhyme and Reason; or, a new Proposal to the Public respecting Poetry in ordinary.' It is a playful and burlesque criticism on the importance of *bouts-rimés*, in which it is observed, that in many poems 'we require no more than the rhymes to be acquainted with the whole of them. You know what the rogues have done by the ends they come to.'

A very so so German Apologue is

followed by a description of Pisa, every line of which Mr. Leigh Hunt could have written as well at Hampstead as in Italy. Then comes a translation of the May-Day Night Scene, in the tragedy of Faust, by that 'seraphic being,' as his friends have called him, Percy Byshe Shelley. It is ushered in by an extravagant eulogy, in which we are told that 'every body will like it who can feel at all what the poet feels most,—the secret analogies that abound in all things—the sympathies of which difference, and even antipathy cannot get rid;' a very explicit definition of a poet's feeling certainly. We have always spoken of Mr. Shelley as a man of considerable poetical genius, but of baneful principles; and we now feel sadly disappointed, that one of the very few things from his pen, against which there can be little objection on the latter account, should be so totally destitute of every other merit. What, for instance, can be more absurd or less poetic than the following lines:—

'But see how swift advance, and shift
Trees behind trees, row by row,
How clift by clift, rocks bend and lift
Their fawning foreheads as we go,
The giant-snouted crags, ho! ho!
How they snort and how they blow.'

The storm still rages:—

'The columns of the evergreen palaces
Are split and shattered;
The roots creak and stretch and groan;
And, ruinously overthrown,
The trunks are crushed and shattered
By the fierce blast's unconquerable stress.
Over each other crack and crash they all
In terrible and intertangled fall.'

That this is wretched doggerel and nonsense, we presume few persons will deny; but that Lord Byron, or even Leigh Hunt, should give it his imprimatur, is to us really astonishing, not to say any thing of the irreparable injury they are doing the memory of their friend by printing it.

We now come to a rather spirited translation of Ariosto's beautiful and pathetic episode of Cloridian, Medoro and Angelica. This is followed by a pastoral from Politian, called the 'Country Maiden,' which is in the true cockney style of Leigh Hunt. Every line bears the image and superscription of the bard of Hampstead. Who that reads the following lines does not perceive that Mr. Hunt is quite at home:—

'The sweet country maiden she gets up betimes,
Taking her kids to feed out on the grass,
On the grass, on the grass—ah! the sly little
lass,
Her eyes make me follow with mine as they
pass;
I am sure they'd make day in the middle of
night.'

Some epigrams on the Duke of Wellington and the Marquis of Londonderry, which conclude 'The Liberal,' we have already noticed, and shall not, therefore, waste the time or insult the good sense of the reader by inserting them. We now return to the 'Florentine Lovers,' which is a pretty tale. The ground-work of the story is in a late Italian publication, called the 'Florentine Observer.' It relates to the loves of Ippolito and Dianora d'Amerigo, who were of the families of Bardi and Buondelmonti. There was great hostility between these two families at the time of this story, which was when Florence was divided into the two fierce parties of Guelf and Ghebe lines. As we cannot take the whole of the story, and the interest is in the manner rather than in the facts of the narrative, we shall premise that the youth was eighteen years old and the lady fifteen, and that they 'looked and sighed, and sighed and looked again,' like other young lovers, with few opportunities of interchanging any thing else but looks, on account of the family quarrels. At length they availed themselves of one of those go-betweens, very usual in courtship, who is here called Gossip Veronica, and who was on terms of friendship with both the rival families. An aunt of Dianora, Donna Lucrezia, seemed also nothing loth to further the amour of the Florentine lovers, who pledged their troth to each other in Veronica's bed-room. Here we take up the story, and conclude it in the author's own language:—

'The thoughtless old ladies, Donna Lucrezia and the other (for old age is not always the most considerate thing in the world, especially the old age of one's aunts and gossips) had now returned into the room where they left the two lovers; but not before Dianora had consented to receive her bridegroom in her own apartment at home, that same night, by means of that other old good-natured go-between, yclept a ladder of ropes. The rest of the afternoon was spent, according to laudable custom, in joining in the diversions of the peasantry. They sung, they danced, they eat the grapes that hung over their heads, they gave and took jokes and flowers, they flaunted with all their colours in the sun, they feasted with all their might under the trees. You could not say which looked the ripest and merriest, the fruit or their brown faces. In Tuscany they have had, from time immemorial, little rustic songs or stanzas that turn upon flowers. One of these, innocently addressed to Dianora by way of farewell, put her much out of countenance—"Voisiete un bel fiore," sung a peasant girl, after kissing her hand:

"You are a lovely flower. What flower? The flower

That shuts with the dark hour:—

Would that to keep you awake were in my power!"

Ippolito went singing it all the way home, and ran up against a hundred people.

Ippolito had noticed a ladder of ropes which was used in his father's house for some domestic purposes. To say the truth, it was an old servant, and had formerly been much in request for the purpose to which it was now about to be turned by the old gentleman himself. He was indeed a person of a truly orthodox description, having been much given to intrigue in his younger days, being consigned over to avarice in his older, and exhibiting great submission to every thing established always. Accordingly, he was considered as a personage equally respectable for his virtues, as important from his rank and connexions; and if hundreds of ladders could have risen up in judgment against him, they would only have been considered as what are called in England "wild oats;"—wild ladders, which it was natural for every gentleman to plant.

Ippolito's character, however, being more principled, his privileges were not the same; and on every account he was obliged to take great care. He waited with impatience till midnight, and then letting himself down out of his window, and taking the ropes under his cloak, made the best of his way to a little dark lane, which bordered the house of the Bardi. One of the windows of Dianora's chamber looked into the lane, the others into the garden. The house stood in a remote part of the city. Ippolito listened to the diminishing sound of the guitars and revellers in the distance, and was proceeding to inform Dianora of his arrival, by throwing up some pebbles, when he heard a noise coming. It was some young men taking a circuit of the more solitary streets, to purify them, as they said from sobriety. Ippolito slunk into a corner. He was afraid, as the sound opened upon his ears, that they would turn down the lane; but the hubbub passed on. He stepped forth from his corner, and again retreated. Two young men, loiterers behind the rest, disputed whether they should go down the lane. One, who seemed intoxicated, swore he would serenade "the little foe," as he called her, if it was only to vex the old one, and "bring him out with his cursed long sword." "And a lecture twice as long," said the other. "Ah there you have me," quoth the musician; "his sword is—a sword; but his lecture's the devil: reaches the other side of the river—never stops till it strikes one sleepy. But I must serenade." "No, no," returned his friend; "remember what the Grand Prior said, and don't let us commit ourselves in a petty brawl. We'll have it out of their hearts some day." Ippolito shuddered to hear such words,

even from one of his own party. "Don't tell me," said the pertinacious drunken man; "I remember what the Grand Prior said. He said I must serenade; no, he didn't say I must serenade—but I say it; the Grand Prior said, says he,—I remember it as if it was but yesterday—he said—gentlemen, said he, there are three good things in the world, love, music, and fighting: and then he said a cursed number of other things by no means good; and all to prove, philosophically, you rogue, that love was good, and music was good, and fighting was good, philosophically, and in a cursed number of paragraphs. So I must serenade." "False logic, Vanni," cried the other; "so come along, or we shall have the enemy upon us in a heap, for I hear another party coming, and I am sure they are none of our's." "Good, again," said the musician, "love and fighting, my boy, and music; so I'll have my song before they come up." And the fellow began roaring out one of the most indecent songs he could think of, which made our lover ready to start forth and dash the guitar in his face; but he repressed himself. In a minute he heard the other party come up. A clashing of swords ensued, and, to his great relief, the drunkard and his companion were driven on. In a minute or two all was silent. Ippolito gave the signal—it was acknowledged; the rope was fixed; and the lover was about to ascend, when he was startled with a strange diminutive face, smiling at him over a light. His next sensation was to smile at the state of his own nerves; for it was but a few minutes before, that he was regretting he could not put out a lantern that stood burning under a little image of the Virgin. He crossed himself, offered up a prayer for the success of his true love, and again proceeded to mount the ladder. Just as his hand reached the window, he thought he heard other steps. He looked down towards the street. Two figures evidently stood at the corner of the lane. He would have concluded them to be the two men returned, but for their profound silence. At last one of them said out loud, "I am certain I saw a shadow of somebody by the lantern, and now you find we have not come back for nothing. Who's there?" added he, coming, at the same time, down the lane with his companion. Ippolito descended rapidly, intending to hide his face as much as possible in his hood, and escape by dint of fighting, but his foot slipped in the ropes, and he was at the same instant seized by the strangers. The instinct of a lover, who, above all things in the world, cared for his mistress's reputation, supplied our hero with an artifice as quick as lightning. "They are all safe," said he, affecting to tremble with a cowardly terror, "I have not touched one of them." "One of what?" said the others; "what are all safe?" "The jewels," replied Ippolito; "let me go for the love of God, and it shall be my last offence, as it was my

first. Besides, I meant to restore them." "Restore them!" cried the first spokesman; a pretty jest truly. This must be some gentleman gambler by his fine would-be conscience; and by this light we will see who he is, if it is only for your sake, Filippo, eh?" For his companion was a pretty notorious gambler himself, and Ippolito had kept cringing in the dark. "Curse it," said Filippo, "never mind the fellow; he is not worth our while in these stirring times, though I warrant he has cheated me often enough." To say the truth, Messer Filippo was not a little afraid the thief would turn out to be some inexperienced desperado, whom he had cheated himself, and perhaps driven to this very crime; but his companion was resolute, and Ippolito, finding it impossible to avoid his fate, came forward into the light. "By all the saints in the calendar," exclaimed the enemy, "a Buondelmonte? and no less a Buondelmonte than the worthy and very magnificent Messer Ippolito Buondelmonte! Messer Ippolito I kiss your hands; I am very much your humble servant and thief-taker. By my faith, this will be fine news for to-morrow."

To-morrow was indeed a heavy day to all the Buondelmonti, and as merry a one to all the Bardi, except poor Dianora. She knew not what had prevented Ippolito from finishing his ascent up the ladder; some interruption it must have been; but of what nature she could not determine, nor why he had not resumed his endeavours. It could have been nothing common. Was he known? Was she known? Was it all known? And the poor girl tormented herself with a thousand fears. Madonna Lucrezia hastened to her the first thing in the morning, with a full, true, and particular account. Ippolito de' Buondelmonti had been seized, in coming down a rope-ladder from one of the front windows of the house, with a great drawn sword in one hand, and a box of jewels in the other. Dianora saw the whole truth in a moment, and, from excess of sorrow, gratitude, and love, fainted away. Madonna Lucrezia guessed the truth too, but was almost afraid to confess it to her own mind, much more to speak of it aloud; and had not the news, and the bustle, and her niece's fainting, furnished her with something to do, she could have fainted herself very heartily, out of pure consternation. Gossip Veronica was in a worse condition when the news reached her; and Ippolito's mother, who guessed but too truly as well as the others, was seized with an illness, which joining with the natural weakness of her constitution, threw her into a stupor, and prevented her from attending to any thing. The next step of Madonna Lucrezia, after seeing Dianora out of her fainting fit, and giving the household to understand that the story of the robber had alarmed her, was to go to Gossip Veronica and concert measures of concealment. The two women wept very sincerely for the poor youth, and admired his heroism in

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saving his mistress's honour; but with all their good-nature they agreed that he was quite in the right, and that it would be but just to his magnanimity, and to their poor dear Dianora, to keep the secret as closely. Madonna Lucrezia then returned home, to be near Dianora, and help to baffle inquiry; while Gossip Veronica kept close in doors, too ill to see visitors, and alternately praying to the saint her namesake, and taking reasonable draughts of Montepulciano.

'In those days there were too many wild young men of desperate fortunes to render Ippolito's confession improbable. Besides, he had been observed of late to be always without money; reports of his being addicted to gambling had arisen; and his father was avaricious. Lastly, his groaning in the church was remembered, under pretence of piety; and the magistrate (who was of the hostile party) concluded, with much sorrow, that he must have more sins to answer for than they knew of, which, in so young a man, was deplorable. The old gentleman had too much reason to know, that in elder persons it would have been nothing remarkable.

'Ippolito, with a grief of heart, which only served to confirm the bye-standers in their sense of his guilt, waited in expectation of his sentence. He thought it would be banishment, and was casting in his mind how he could hope some day or other to get a sight of his mistress, when the word Death fell on him like a thunderbolt. The origin of a sentence so severe was but too plain to every body; but the Bardi were uppermost that day; and the city, exhausted by some late party excesses, had but too much need of repose. Still it was thought a dangerous trial of the public pulse. The pity felt for the tender age of Ippolito was increased by the anguish which he found himself unable to repress. "Good God!" cried he, "must I die so young? And must I never see the light again, and Florence; and my dear friends?" And he fell into almost abject intreaties to be spared; for he thought of Dianora. But the bye-standers fancied that he was merely afraid of death; and, by the help of suggestions from the Bardi partizans, their pity almost turned into contempt. He prostrated himself at the magistrate's feet; he kissed his knees; he disgusted his own father; till finding every thing against him, and smitten at once with a sense of his cowardly appearance, and the necessity of keeping his mistress's honour inviolable, he declared his readiness to die like a man, and at the same time stood wringing his hands, and weeping like an infant. He was sentenced to die the next day.

'The day came. The hour came. The Standard of Justice was hoisted before the door of the tribunal, and the trumpet blew through the city, announcing the death of a criminal. Dianora, to whom the news had been gradually broken, heard it in her chamber, and would have burst forth and

proclaimed the secret but for Madonna Lucrezia, who spoke of her father and mother, and all the Bardi, and the inutility of attempting to save one of the opposite faction, and the dreadful consequences to every body if the secret were betrayed. Dianora heard little about every body; but the habit of respecting her father and mother, and dreading their reproaches, kept her moment after moment, from doing any thing but listen and look pale; and, in the meantime, the procession began moving towards the scaffold.

'Ippolito issued forth from the prison, looking more like a young martyr than a criminal. He was now perfectly quiet, and a sort of unnatural glow had risen into his cheeks, the result of the enthusiasm and conscious self-sacrifice into which he had worked himself during the night. He had only prayed, as a last favour, that he might be taken through the street in which the house of the Bardi stood; for he had lived, he said, as every body knew, in great hostility with that family, and he now felt none any longer, and wished to bless the house as he passed it. The magistrate, for more reasons than one, had no objection; the old confessor, with tears in his eyes, said that the dear boy would still be an honour to his family, as surely as he would be a saint in heaven; and the procession moved on. The main feeling of the crowd, as usual, was that of curiosity, but there were few, indeed, in whom it was not mixed with pity: and many females found the sight so intolerable, that they were seen, coming away down the streets, weeping bitterly, and unable to answer the questions of those they met.

'The procession now began to pass the house of the Bardi. Ippolito's face, for an instant, turned of a chalky whiteness, and then resumed its colour. His lips trembled, his eyes filled with tears; and thinking his mistress might possibly be at the window, taking a last look of the lover that died for her, he bowed his head gently, at the same time, forcing a smile, which glittered through his watery eyes. At that instant the trumpet blew its dreary blast for the second time. Dianora had already risen on her couch, listening, and asking what noise it was that approached. Her aunt endeavoured to quiet her with her excuses; but this last noise aroused her beyond controul; and the good old lady, forgetting herself in the condition of the two lovers, no longer attempted to stop her. "Go," said she, "in God's name, my child, and Heaven be with you."

'Dianora, her hair streaming, her eye without a tear, her cheek on fire, burst, to the astonishment of her kindred, into the room where they were all standing. She tore them aside from one of the windows with a preternatural strength, and stretched forth her head and hands, like one inspired, cried out, "Stop, stop! it is my Ippolito! my husband!" And, so saying, she actually made a movement as if she would have stepped to him out of the window; for every thing but his image faded from

her eyes. A movement of confusion took place among the multitude. Ippolito stood rapt on the sudden, trembling, weeping, and stretching his hands towards the window as if praying to his guardian angel. The kinsmen would have prevented her from doing any thing further; but, as if all the gentleness of her character was gone, she broke from them with violence and contempt, and rushing down stairs into the street, exclaimed, in a frantic manner, "People! Dear God! Countrymen! I am a Bardi; he is a Buondelmonte; he loved me, and that is the whole crime!" and, at these last words, they were locked in each other's arms.

'The populace now broke through all restraint. They stopped the procession; they bore Ippolito back again to the seat of the magistracy, carrying Dianora with him; they described in a peremptory manner the mistake; they sent for the heads of the two houses; they made them swear a treaty of peace, amity, and unity; and in half an hour after the lover had been on the road to his death, he set out upon it again, the acknowledged bridegroom of the beautiful creature by his side.

'Never was such a sudden revulsion of feeling given to a whole city. The women who had retreated in anguish, came back the gayest of the gay. Every body plucked all the myrtles they could find, to put into the hands of those who made the former procession, and who now formed a singular one for a bridal; but all the young women fell in with their white veils; and, instead of the funeral dirge, a song of thanksgiving was chaunted. The very excess of their sensations enabled the two lovers to hold up. Ippolito's cheeks, which seemed to have fallen away in one night, appeared to have plumped out again faster; and if he was now pale instead of high coloured, the paleness of Dianora had given way to radiant blushes which made up for it. He looked, as he ought,—like the person saved; she like the angelic saviour.

'Thus the two lovers passed on, as if in a dream tumultuous but delightful. Neither of them looked on the other; they gazed hither and thither on the crowd, as if in answer to the blessings that poured upon them; but their hands were locked fast; and they went like one soul in a divided body.'

It will be seen that this tale, if not possessing the most merit, is, at least, one of the least objectionable papers in 'The Liberal;' which, we suspect, as a whole, must have greatly disappointed the expectations of the public.

An Analytical Dictionary of the English Language. By David Booth.

(Concluded from p. 641.)

COINCIDING in opinion with a very high and often-quoted authority, that 'the proper study of mankind is man,'

we last week confined our extracts from Mr. Booth's invaluable work to the word *man*, with some of its various relations, though the family is much too numerous for us to pay them all attention; and, consequently, we were compelled to omit dame, matron, child, youth, adolescence, birth, infant, manhood, pupil, and a host of brothers, sisters, grandsons, cousins, &c. From the relations of blood, Mr. Booth passes to those of affinity, which in this application signifies those relationships, contracted by marriage, by which the relatives of the husband or of the wife become the relatives of both:—

'It is hence that we have *father-in-law* and *mother-in-law*, for the father and mother of one's wife or husband; and *son-in-law* or *daughter-in-law*, for the husband or the wife of a daughter or son. Thus, also, the wife stands in the relation of *sister-in-law* to the sisters and brothers of her husband: as they, reciprocally, are *sisters-in-law* and *brothers-in-law* to her. The same relationship exists between the husband and the brothers or sisters of his wife.

'There is a species of affinity, distinct from the preceding, which arises from the espousal of a widow or a widower, who has issue of a previous marriage. The new husband is a *stepfather* and the new wife is a *stepmother*, or (rather obsoletely) *stepdame* to the *stepchildren*;—the *stepsons* or *stepdaughters*. Children, who have only one common parent, are *stepbrothers* and *stepsisters* to each other. They are said to be *halfblood*, and are also termed *halfbrothers* and *halfsisters*. The preposition *step*, which is used only in these formations, has already been noticed in the introduction. It occasionally happens that the husband and the wife have, each, two or more families, by as many previous marriages; and, thereby, collect an incongruous assemblage of little stepbrothers and stepsisters, with separate kindred and separate interests, seldom favourable to domestic peace. The love of offspring, too, naturally stronger in woman, and influencing, in most cases, a feebler mind, often excites unjust prejudices, and consequent vindictive passions, in the nursery,—that eternal seat of female power; and, hence, the name of stepmother or stepdame, as well as its synonyme in every language, is associated, sometimes unfairly, with the ideas of unkindness and severity.

'Religion has recognized a sort of spiritual affinity, from the practice of having sponsors or baptism. These sponsors are termed *godfathers* and *godmothers* to the children for whom they undertake to be responsible. The children are their *godsons* and *goddaughters*; and, in the Romish church, a dispensation is necessary before a godfather or godmother can be married to a goddaughter or godson. The Saxon *sib* signified *akin*, as it still does in Scotland.

A sponsor was called *godsib*, afterwards changed into *gossip*. Gossips, in former times, were, literally, the joint sponsors for a child. To *gossip* was to attend a christening-feast or *gossiping*. At present, we use the words, in a general sense, to denote that chit-chat sort of conversation which is usual on such occasions. Gossips are, now, almost synonymous with *crones*, who amuse one another, in private conferences, with matters of trifling importance, or with tales of petty scandal. The Saxon *runian* was, to speak mysteriously,—to whisper; and, from this source, we have the phrase (now little used) "*to round in one's ear*;" meaning to whisper or to give private information. The initial *C*, in *crony*, is a contraction of the Saxon prefix *ge*, as explained in the introduction.

'In addition to the divisions abovementioned, there is a nominal affinity, produced from the circumstance of a child's being suckled by a woman who is not its mother. The stranger nurse is *fostermother* to this *fosterchild*,—*fosterson* or *fosterdaughter*; and her children (or other *fosterlings*) are its *fosterbrothers* or *fostersisters*. To *foster* is, as we shall afterwards show, etymologically connected with the verb *to feed*; but it is limited to the feeding of a child, or, metaphorically, to the rearing of whatever grows or increases from such *fostorage*. A *fosterer* or *fosterfather* nourishes and protects the progeny of others. He may rear a seeding plant or a young animal to maturity; and, even with regard to the human mind, although he cannot be said to engender feelings in the breast of another person, he may foster them, by cherishing virtue or by pampering vice. *Fosterdam* is properly applied to an animal nurse. The man and woman who rear the child of another may be termed its *fosterparents*. New or compost earth put round the roots of a plant, for the purpose of forwarding its vegetation, has been called *fosterearth*.

'*Fosternurse*, which is used by Shakespeare, has been, mistakenly, condemned as a pleonasm; for the words *to foster* and *to nurse* are not, in all cases, synonymous. Both are applicable to a child, but an old man is nursed,—not fostered. To foster, as already stated, always implies growth or increase, in the thing fostered: we may nurse, merely to prevent or retard decay. A nurse is, generally speaking, a foster-mother, and the child is her nursling. A woman who brings up a child without suckling it is a *drynurse*; and *wetnurse* is sometimes written, though more generally understood. A *nursery* is a place appropriated to the rearing of the young. It is particularly applicable to that part of a house where children are usually kept under the care of the *nurserymaid*; as, also, to a plot of ground, employed by the *nurseryman* in the rearing of seedling shrubs or trees, for the purpose of being transplanted. To *nourish*, to *nurture*, &c. are kindred words to which we must refer.'

The word *conception* is a prolific

subject, from which we shall only detach one passage:—

'A marked idea, which we now call a conception, was once termed a *concept*, and, afterwards, a *conceit*; and *to conceive* was to conceive. Concept has been long out of use, and conceit has acquired a separate application. A conceit is, now, a peculiar conception,—a favourite but useless notion, which we should not have supposed likely to have entered into another mind. When it appears to originate from a bias of the intellect towards insanity, it excites our pity;—when from vanity, our contempt. The word is more generally understood in the latter sense. Conceits are the children of the brain of a doating parent. To be *conceited* is to be opinionative,—to indulge opinions which seem, to others, to be foolishly adopted and stubbornly retained.

'When conceits appear to originate from some peculiarity of organization, they are more properly denominated *whims*, or *whimsies* (from the Saxon *hwem*, a corner or point), as being, metaphorically, occasioned by particular corners in the interior of the skull different from what are to be found in other men, and to which vibrations of the brain are supposed to be directed. He who has such peculiar notions is said to be *whimsical*.—He acts *whimsically*, or has fits of *whimsicalness*.—His head is full of *crotchets*, that is, of *little crooks*. His skull is *cracked* or *crazed*. He is *crackbrained*, *shatterbrained*, or *shatterpated*. These, with other expressions of a similar purport, will come again under our view.'

There is a proverbial phrase in the north of England—'to beat like a stockfish;' to Mr. Booth we are indebted for an explanation of the phrase:—

'The Danes and other northern nations have a sort of dried fish, which they call *stockfish*. These are taken in season and dried (without salt), so as to preserve them through the year. Before they are used, they are beaten to softness with a stick or staff (in German, *stock*), from which they have their name. The fish prepared into stockfish are different species of the genus *gadus*, though, in this case, confounded under one general appellation. The *hake* (*merluccius*) is, we believe, the common stockfish, and is also very appropriately called *Poor John*. The *ling* (*longa*), in German, *der langer stockfisch*, is the longest of the genus. There are also the *flat* and the *round* stockfish, which seem to be the *brosme*, *torsk*, or *tusk*, and the *morhua*, *cod*, *codfish*, or *keeling*. Among other less known species of this genus, we find the *whiting* (*merlangus*), so called from its colour; and the *haddock* (*eglefinus*). These are never termed stockfish, though both are dried in the same manner, and sold, the former under the name of *scroll-whittings*, and the latter under that of *speldings*, the name alluding to their being *spit*, or cut up lengthwise. Split was formerly written

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spelt, a word which is yet retained, in the same sense, to increase the confusion of our dictionaries. "In the legends of credulous devotion, the haddock is admitted to be the same fish which St. Peter caught with the tribute-money in its mouth. The two spots on the sides, near the head, are considered as the marks of St. Peter's thumb and finger, which have ever since remained on the whole race to perpetuate the circumstance; but it may be added, that the haddock is not without a rival in this reputed proof of sanctity; the sides of the *dory*, or *John Dory*, being even more distinctly marked." On this account, the dory is also called St. Peter's Fish. It is the *zeus faber*, and has its vulgar name from its colour of golden-yellow, in French, *jaune doré*."

A few remarks on the word *forest* shall close our extracts:—

"The word *forest*, among our old writers, was more a legal than an ordinary designation. The common term was a *wald* or *wold*, the former of which is still the German name for a large wood or forest. Many districts, that were formerly covered with wood, are now corn-fields; and, therefore, *wold*, in some dictionaries, is said to denote an open country without trees! *Wold*, in this case, is nothing but the mere name of a particular track of land which has lost its former characteristics: as a man may inherit the surname of *Black*, given on account of the swarthy complexion of the founder of his family, though he himself may be white as an albino. The modern orthography of *wold* is wild; and a *wild*, or, more ordinarily, a *wilderness*, is a general name for an uncultivated country, without any regard to its specific or legal divisions. A traveller, on entering a wilderness, loses his way, being *bewildered*; and he who, in argument, leads the mind astray, by metaphysical subtleties, is said to *bewilder*, instead of convincing, his opponent. The poets write to bewilder and to wilder, indiscriminately, according as it suits their verse.

"The inhabitants of the forest, both animate and inanimate, are so different from the beings of civilized life, that, in most cases they are associated in our minds, either with the idea of violence or with that of worthlessness. *Wild* and *savage* (formerly written *salvage*, from the Latin *sylva*, a wood), with some difference of usage, agree in characterizing whatever is unimproved and rugged, as it sprung from the hands of nature. Ground is wild as long as it remains uncultivated; and a plant is wild when it grows naturally without the care of the agriculturalist or the gardener. Generally speaking, all those animals are wild that have not been domesticated; but we apply the epithet wild more particularly to such animals, or species of animals, of which there are individuals or varieties that are tame. Wild and tame are in this view opposed to one another. We speak of wild cats, but never of wild tigers. Deer are usually wild, but some are domesticated. There are plants as

well as animals so connected with civilized man that they have never been found in the wild state. A person, whose mind has not been disciplined to proper controul is said to be wild or to act *wildly*; but the fault may have been either in the education or in the structure of the mind itself: there is a *wildness* of youth and a *wildness* of insanity. The old English *wood* signified mad, as it still does in Scotland. *Woodly* and *woodness* were once equivalent to wildly and wildness,—and also to the higher shade, madly and madness.

"*Savage* is wild, but being, now, applicable only to animated beings, or to such as are poetically supposed to be so, it always reminds us of ferocity. Deer, hares, and many other animals are wild, but they are not savage; nor can the epithet be applied to plants, which show nothing of mind. We say of a man that he has a savage disposition,—that he acts *savagely*. To *savage*, meaning to render *savage*, was formerly in use, as well as *savagery*, the things or actions that constitute *savagery*, that is, the state of savage nature. *Ferocious* (brutally cruel), *ferociously*, and *ferocity*, or *ferociousness*, are derivatives of the Latin *ferox*, from *fera*, a wild beast, as are also the words *fierce*, *fiercely*, and *fierceness*, which express the audacious violence of a savage animal.

"A *savage* (for the word is used substantively when applied to a man) is a native of a wild uncultivated country, whose inhabitants are unacquainted with the arts, and what we reckon the advantages of civilized life. This is one of the many general terms that cannot be specifically defined; for, in the minds of the mass of mankind, the idea of a savage is different, according to the books of voyages and travels which they have read, or the tales which they have heard in their childhood. The opposite extremes of the savage life and that of polished nations are apparent; but the line where the one ends and the other begins is indeterminate. That, generally speaking, the manners and habits of the savage are rude and revolting to his European visitors is true; but that he is, in the average of cases, more ferocious and cruel is uncertain. If the distinctive appellation were to be given to any mixture, however gross, of ignorance, superstition, and brutality, we should find many savages in our own boasted island."

We are sure we need not recommend Mr. Booth's book, for the extracts we have made from it will say more in its behalf than we can possibly do; and will make every person, desirous of becoming acquainted with the structure of the English language, extremely anxious for the eleven remaining parts, which are to complete this truly excellent and original work. Since the dictionary of Johnson, no single individual ever, we believe, engaged in so laborious a task as this of Mr. Booth, and we trust it will be as profitable to him as it must be advantageous to his reputation

Osmond, a Tale. By the Author of the 'Favourite of Nature.' 3 vols. 12mo. pp. 1035. London, 1822.

Of all the classes of which his Majesty's liege subjects consist, there is not one more generous or more grateful than the tribe of authors, who, notwithstanding all that may be said of them as a *genus irritabile*, are, in fact, the best-natured people in the world, and are 'pleased with a feather, tickled with a straw.' That they should be ambitious and love praise is natural—who does not? but, to prove their gratitude, no sooner is one of their productions honoured with public approbation, than they repay it by new exertions to bring forth another candidate for public favour. There may, indeed, sometimes be a little avarice in this, as, for instance, is the case with the author of the Scottish novels, who has no sooner put one novel into circulation than he announces another. This game he has kept up for many years, but, we suspect, it is now considerably on the decline. 'The Fortunes of Nigel' has been the least productive of all his novels, yet 7000 copies of it were bought at the first trade-sale; but of his forthcoming romance, 'Peveril of the Peak,' we understand only 4000 copies have been bespoke. We say 'only,' because, though a great number, it is a sad falling off in the popularity of the author of 'Waverley.'

But what has an author's goodnature or Sir Walter Scott's declining popularity to do with 'Osmond, a Tale?' why, very little truly; only we were going to observe, that the 'Favourite of Nature' having been a great favourite with the public, had urged its author, in good season, to produce another novel of equal merit and interest. Much obloquy has been attempted to be thrown upon novels by those 'righteous-overmuch' people whose instinctive abhorrence of crime and immorality enables them to see it where no other person can; and certainly too many of those productions, which have been suited for nothing but filling the heads of boarding school misses with romantic but absurd notions of love and happiness, are censurable. A better age and a better taste has succeeded; our novels are more natural in their construction; their characters are no longer personages of ideal but of real life, and their object that of inculcating moral precept,—by showing 'virtue its own image—vice her own deformity.' Such is the character of 'Osmond, a Tale,' in which the characters

are drawn with natural ease and correctness; the incidents are probable and often striking; the language is chaste and nervous, and the interest of the tale well sustained from the beginning to the *denouement*. With such claims there can be no doubt of 'Osmond' becoming a great favourite with that large portion of society—the novel-reading public.

ANECDOTES OF THE SENATE*.

'Dissolving the Long Parliament.'—When the successes of Cromwell in his Scottish campaign, had fired him with the ambition of obtaining absolute power, and he had calculated the probable success of a man taking "upon him to be a king," his first step was to dissolve the Long Parliament. He accordingly repaired to the house, when sitting, with a military force, and, after addressing the members in the following speech, turned them out of doors:

"It is high time for me to put an end to your sitting in this place, which ye have dishonoured by your contempt of all virtue, and defiled by your practice of every vice. Ye are a factious crew, and enemies to all good government. Ye are a pack of mercenary wretches, and would, like Esau, sell your country for a mess of pottage; and, like Judas, betray your God for a few pieces of money. Is there a single virtue now remaining among you? Is there one vice you do not possess? Ye have no more religion than my horse. Gold is your god. Which of you has not bartered away your conscience for bribes? Is there a man among you that hath the least care for the good of the commonwealth? Ye sordid prostitutes, have ye not defiled this sacred place, and turned the Lord's temple into a den of thieves? By your immoral principles and wicked practices, ye are grown intolerably odious to the whole nation. You, who are deputed here by the people to get their grievances redressed, are yourselves become their greatest grievance. Your country, therefore, calls upon me to cleanse this Augean stable, by putting a final period to your iniquitous proceedings in this house; and which, by God's help and the strength he hath given me, I am now come to do. I command you, therefore, upon the peril of your lives, to depart immediately out of this place. Go, get you out; make haste! ye venal slaves, begone;" then turning to one of his followers, he added, "take away that shining bauble, and lock up the doors."

"It is a degrading instance of the subserviency of the public journals of that day, to find this tyrannical act thus smothered over in the 'Mercurius Politicus,' the authorized gazette of the time:—

"Westminster, April 20. The lord general delivered in Parliament *divers rea-*

* Percy Anecdotes, part XXXV. Anecdotes of the Senate, with a portrait of the Right Hon. George Canning.

sons wherefore a present period should be put to the sitting of this parliament; and it was accordingly done, the speaker and the members all departing. The grounds of which proceeding will (it is probable) be shortly made public."

'Accuracy of Reporting.'—Mr. Wedderburn, afterwards Lord Loughborough, was once asked whether he had really delivered in the House of Commons a speech which the newspapers ascribed to him. "Why, to be sure," said he, there are many things in that speech which I did say; and there are many more which I wish I had said."

'Royal Marriage Act.'—When the Royal Marriage Act was in Parliament, it met with a powerful opposition from Mr. Fox, afterwards Lord Holland, who opposed it in every stage, and succeeded in grafting several amendments upon it. In the discussion that took place on the third reading in the House of Commons, some member charged Mr. Fox with its being his bill. On hearing this, he instantly took fire, and running to the speaker's table where the bill lay, with all the amendments marked as usual in red ink, and holding it up in the face of the house, exclaimed, "And am I and my friends charged with bringing in a bill of this kind, after you all know how much we opposed it?"

"Look! in this place ran Cassius' dagger through;

See what a rent the envious Casca made;
Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd,
And as he plucked his cursed steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar followed it."

"Mr. Burke also took a distinguished part in opposition to the bill. In one of his speeches, after pathetically depicting the mischiefs which, if passed into a law, it must one day bring upon the nation, and reprobating the unfeelingness of the parent who could ask for such a restraint on his children, he concluded with this affecting climax: "But why do I speak of a parental feeling?—*The framer of this bill has no children.*"

'Flutterers.'—Although there are only two great parties in Parliament, who are directly opposed to each other, yet there are several other persons, much their inferiors, who render themselves of considerable importance by one method alone. "They are," says Mr. Burke, "a race of men, who, when they rise in their place, no man living can divine, from any known adherence to parties, to opinions, or to principles; from any order or system in their politics, or from any sequel or connexion in their ideas, what part they are going to take in any debate. It is astonishing how much this uncertainty, especially at critical times, calls the attention of all parties on such men: all eyes are fixed on them; all ears are opened to hear them; each party gapes and looks alternately for their vote, almost to the end of their speeches. While the house hangs in this uncertainty, now the *hear-hims* rise from this side, now they rebellow from the other; and that party to whom they at

length fall from their tremulous and dancing balance, always receives them in a tempest of applause."

'Sir Richard Hill.'—Sir Richard Hill, who for many years represented Shropshire in Parliament, was a very constant speaker in the house, where the motley mixture of politics and religion which composed his harangues, frequently excited considerable merriment. The author of "Criticism on the Rolliad," has exhibited the peculiarities of the worthy baronet, though with too much severity, in the following passage:

"With wit so various, piety so odd,
Quoting by turns from Miller and from God;
Shall no distinction wait thy honour'd name?
No lofty epithet transmit thy fame?
Forbid it wit; from mirth refined, away!
Forbid it scripture, which thou mak'st so gay!
Scipio, we know, was Africanus call'd;
Richard, styl'd Longshanks; Charles, surnam'd
the Bald;
Shall these, for petty merits, be renown'd,
And no proud phrase, with panegyric sound,
Swell thy short name, great Hill? Here, take
thy due,
And hence be call'd, THE SCRIPTURAL KILL-
GREW."

Original Communications.

ANTIQUARIAN REMINISCENCES.

To the Editor of the Literary Chronicle.

"Si quid novisti rectius istis
Candidus imperti; si non, his utere mecum."
HORACE.

SIR,—I would have sent a reply to the queries of your correspondent E. G. B. for insertion in your last number, but that I did not receive it before last Saturday, through the negligence of the bookseller who supplies it. I am most ready to give him any assistance in my power, in the prosecution of his inquiries. But, as he may not find my investigations so satisfactory as he might have hoped, I have to intreat his indulgence. I feel it requisite, also, to assure him, that if I have treated any of his inquiries with levity, it was not from an opinion of their being trifling or uninteresting; nor did I, when unsuccessful, intend, like the wily Parthian, in my retreat, to direct an arrow at your correspondent.

Query 2. Why is a *black doll* suspended at the door of many rag-shops in London?

I am quite at a loss to discover why this lady or gentleman has been raised to the high dignity of presiding over the temple of rags; upon this subject I confess I am quite in the *dark*.

Query 3. What is the true meaning of the chequers at the doors of some public-houses?

They were the armorial bearings of

the Warrens, earls of Surry, who enjoyed an exclusive right of granting licences to houses of entertainment. To facilitate the collection of the dues for these licences, the arms of Warren were attached to such houses as obtained them.

The chequers, or azure, form one of the quarterings in the shield of the Howard family; which is collaterally descended from the Warrens. In 1475 the title became extinct in the person of John Lord Mowbray (son to the duke of Norfolk), earl of Warren and Surry.

I have also read, somewhere, that the lower orders of this country were formerly much accustomed to play at draughts; and that these chequers were affixed to the doors of public-houses, to signify that accommodations for playing that game were supplied by the proprietors.

Query 4. What is the origin of the May-day sports in London, and who are represented by Maid Marian and Jack-in-the-Green?

The May-day sports are supposed by many to have been derived from the ceremonies, observed by the Romans on the festival of Flora or Chloris (Floralia); which were instituted according to Pliny '*ut omnia bene deflorescerent*': they began on the 28th of May and continued to the end of the month; they were attended with many indecencies, which may be easily believed from the company which were assembled on these occasions. 'Nam per tubam convocabantur omnis generis meretrices.' Seneca says that these indecencies were, upon one occasion, checked by the presence of Cato. What a subject for the pencil—the voluptuous Romans engaged in their wanton sports, and regardless of every sentiment but the sensual enjoyment of Epicurean delights;—

'Tum pietate gravem ac meritis virum,
Conspexere, silens, arrectisque auribus astant.'
VIRG.

Polidore Virgil, speaking of these customs, remarks that they prevailed '*præsertim apud Italos*,' which seems to corroborate the opinion that these sports have been derived from the Romans; Moresin thinks them taken either from the Romans or Athenians. A custom prevailed, among the northern nations, of appointing, upon the 1st of May, supposed to be the day of demarkation between winter and summer, two athletic young men, each to lead a band of youths, which were to fight '*une petite guerre*'; one of these leaders was habited to represent Winter,

the other Spring; after various evolutions and fictitious encounters between the two parties, the representative of Spring gained the victory.

Olaus Magnus calls him '*comes floralis*;' he adds, '*virentibus arborum frondibus, foliisque et floribus (difficulter repertis) vestitus*.' Now I am decidedly of opinion that Jack-of-the-Green is the legitimate successor of the more dignified '*comes floralis*.' Stow, in his '*Survey of London*,' gives an account of Henry the Eighth's '*riding a-Maying*, from Greenwich to Shooter's Hill, with Queen Catherine and several of the nobility.' He further adds, 'I find also that, in the month of May, the citizens of London (of all estates) lightly in every parish, or sometimes two or three parishes joining together, had their several Mayings, and did fetch in May-poles, with divers warlike shews, with good archers, morrice-dancers, and other devices, for pastime all the day long; and, towards the evening they had stage-plays, and bone-fires in the streets.' And again he says, 'In the reign of Henry the Sixth, the aldermen and sheriffs of London being on May-day at the Bishop of London's wood, and having there a worshipful dinner for themselves and other commers, Lydgate, the Monk of Bury, sent them, by a pursuivant, a joyful commendation of that season, beginning thus:—

"Mighty Flora, goddess of fresh flowers,
Which clothed hath the soil in lusty green,
Made buds to spring with her sweet showers,
By influence of the sun-shene,
To do pleasure of intent full cleane,
Unto the states which now sit here,
Hath Ver sent down her own daughter dear."

Query 5. Why is a lady who kisses a gentleman when asleep entitled to a pair of gloves?

I find the following allusion to this custom in Gay's pastorals:—

'Cic'ly, brisk maid, steps forth before the rout,
And kissed, with smacking lip, the snoring lout,
For custom says, *whoe'er this venture proves,*
For such a kiss demands a pair of gloves.'

GAY'S FLIGHTS.

The expression, '*custom says*,' is the only clue which I have to solve this difficulty; upon the word '*custom*' I might make many quotations from Coke upon Lyttleton. I will, however, content myself with referring to a law-maxim, which must serve upon this occasion as a shield to protect me from the shafts of criticism. '*Consuetudo pro lege servatur*.' Candour, however, obliges me to confess that this custom is now obsolete, at least in good society in this country. I believe this now exotic plant is quite extinct. We are

assured that a new species has been propagated by a younger branch of the family of John Bull, by whom it is called '*bundling*.' The soil, of late years, has been found uncongenial to its growth; and is now only to be found in the least cultivated parts of the United States. I am, sir,

Your obedient servant,
Southall, Oct. 8, 1822. J. H.

Americana,

No. XII.

THE HOG.

AN ORATION WRITTEN FOR MASTER T. L. J.*
(Concluded from p. 648.)

It appears from various historians, that, among the less ancient people of Europe, pork was held in such high repute, as to form (as in our new settlements), not only their common food, but also the principal article of their best repasts. The Salique law treats more of the hog than of any other domestic animal. One of its chapters is confined altogether to the punishment of hog-stealing—*de furtis porcorum*. Formerly, the greatest revenues of the mother church consisted in her hog-tithes. In those days, the corpulent priests of France, who '*larded the lean earth as they walked along*,' and whose tutelar saint* has ever since been represented by artists with a hog at his feet, were so fond of pork, that the dishes destined to bear it to the table were called *baconiques*, from the old word *bacon*, or *bacon*, which signified a fatted pork, or hog. It was then that these *bon vivans* daily invoked their guardian,—

'That their life, like the leap of their patron,
might be
Du lit à la table, de la table au lit†.'

After all that has been said of the utility of the hog, in olden and modern times, we cannot but think that to him, instead of the lion, belongs the title of the king of animals; in point of instinct (by which he selects seventy-two species of vegetables and rejects one hundred and seventy-one), sagacity, and docility, when tutored, he is but little, if anywise, inferior to the dog, beaver, and half-reasoning elephant. Who has not heard of the learned pig spelling words, pointing out names, and designating cards? In the towns of Europe, when the swineheard sounds his horn, every hog leaves his sty to follow him to the forest or fields. If a storm is approaching or a change of

* St. Anthony.

† From the bed to the table, the table to the bed.

wind or weather is about to take place, the hog is the first, with his *barometer* nose, true as *Torricelli's* best instrument, to make the discovery, and to warn his keeper by his cries and movements. With a knowledge of this fact, the conjecturers tell us 'he is the only animal who sees the wind,' by which means he is enabled, on the principle of *carpe diem*, to avoid foul weather and enjoy the fine. He is also endowed with *sensibility* as well as instinct, and has one quality which distinguishes him from all others of the brute creation—that of running to the aid of his brother hogs in distress and difficulty, braving the greatest dangers and the rudest treatment for the love of *kin*.

In all countries, except Scotland, the hog, out of gratitude for the eminent services his family has never ceased to render to man, *from the most remote antiquity*, is permitted to live in a state of what many erect hogs we know of would call luxury and ease. But whoever has visited that sage computer, the ever-saving sawney, in his Murrayshire, must have frequently seen the hog tackled with a small horse to the same plough. How different from the Mexicans, who, in driving their hogs to market, cover their feet and lower joints with a sort of boots, to prevent the ill effects of fatigue, while the *peasant* who conducts them goes *bare-footed*!

Had it not been for some Egyptian goddesses who fell in love with a bull, and the *clan* of that wise legislator, Moses, whose cutaneous sympathies pork was supposed to increase (and, therefore, the patriot hog was by both proscribed), we moderns should entertain a much higher respect for him than we do; for it must be acknowledged, taking him altogether, *soul and body* (*honi soit qui mal y pense*), inside and out, that he is very superior to most animals, and the devoted friend of man, to whom he never fails to show his gratitude, by repaying him a hundred fold for all his favours.

As to his habits, they are, to be sure, for the want of care and education, rather grovelling and dirty; but this, as in some biped cousin-germans of his, ought rather to be termed a genteel slovenliness, indicative of *great natural gifts and a contempt for artificial helps*. Though we admit he is an excessive gormandiser, insomuch as he is not very choice of his viands and liquids, yet he has no hankering after whiskey, egg-hot, or ju eps, which, with segars, tobacco, and snuff, he leaves to certain *Cossack*

relatives of his, who, while ycleped lords of the creation, would do well to recollect, that—

'The hog who works not, nor obeys their call,
Lives on the labours of these lords of all.'

Much has been said in praise of the hog, yet many a swinish excellence must be passed over in silence, and left, like virtue, to its own reward. The last advice of the dying, like the parting kiss of the lover, is the most impressive; so is the peroration of a discourse, the finish of an epigram, and last stanza of a poem, as well as the last hint of a moral, from *Æsop* to *Franklin*: so, precisely so, appears the last and most prominent character of our bristly personage; a character of inestimable value in this great republic, the *Pharos* among nations.

When nature created and endowed the hog with qualities surprising and rare, she seems to have presented him to the statesman, lawyer, judge, physician, and divine—to *all* the human race—as the perpetual model of that stubborn, rude, uncourtly integrity, commonly understood by the name of *independence*; and yet, strange inconsistency! this representative of honest obesity has given rise to the calumnious metaphor of bribery, implied by *greasing a man's palm*! as if the fat of a hog was synonymous with gold.—Our very aspersions are often times charged with precious confessions deterring of the reputation they were intended to tarnish. Senators have been known to take bribes; Jugurtha bought the Roman and Walpole the British senate; and who has not heard of the Yazoo purchase?—Courtiers and sycophants, too, will flatter; but neither adulation nor money can tempt to deviate from the invariable laws of his nature, the 'even tenor of his ways,' this valuable quadruped, who, though, like a candidate for public office, he will go through *thick and thin* to reach his object, will never *be led or driven* like a time-serving radical. The downy bed has no enchantment for him. With the *Doric* simplicity of a back woodsman, he lays himself down in the humblest hovel or under 'the blue span-gled arch of heaven,' and snores away the night with a full stomach and a clear conscience:—

'Go! from the creatures thy instruction take.'

When the Roman historian captivates us most, he recalls that simple age of purity in which Cincinnatus cultivated his own ground, or Scipio roasted turnips and broiled his own pork on his Sabine farm; not that vile Epicurean

epoch when emperors and courtezans melted pearls for a soup, gave thousands for a turbot, and millions for a debauch. The incorruptible hog, with Roman simplicity, *ploughs his own fields*, and caters for himself. Truffles and mushrooms are his choicest dainties; for *his* heaven, like that of the gods, who, in the reign of Saturn, fought and ate with men, and held sweet converse with the women, is upon the earth. There he grunts and grumbles for his competency, which, like the fund of South American riches, is concealed partly under ground, as if the deity had foreseen that tyranny would enslave or cowardice surrender every thing above its surface. But all the crevices of despotism and its inquisition will not coerce him, like the Indian of the Mita, to dig dress for a master.

The Deity who crowned the eagle for an aerial flight, and fitted him to soar to the sun, manifested his various powers in adopting the bristled hog to an opposite independence, half hidden beneath the earth, only to teach us *that liberty subsists in extremes alone: it is perfect or it is nothing: compromise or medium is its abhorrence and bane*. When American soldiers and tars shall be deaf to this truth, then will our legions cower on the field, and our striped hunting be struck to some unborn mistress of the main, as a punishment for our degeneracy. Then our hogs will be slain to satisfy voracious nobles, feed churchmen, and pay grim soldiers, who, in preying upon our vitals, will enslave the mind and subdue the body. Then, instead of a patriot, statesman, and philosopher, for a president, we shall have a stupid King, who, though called *Defender of the Faith, Apostolic, Catholic, or Most Christian*, may combine in his legitimate habits, ravenous desires, and tyrannical propensities, the qualities of the *tiger* and the *hog*. But this degenerate state of things can never be experienced by a discerning people, who know how to value and preserve their institutions, and while the *palladium* of their liberties remains in the temple.

All hail! ye ancient celebrated *race*! Since your tusky sires tore in pieces the devoted and delicate Adonis, kings have hunted ye, and priests proscribed ye as dangerous and unholy; while pensioned orators and slaves of despotic governments have attempted to ridicule a free democratic people, by styling them the *swinish multitude*, alike invincible by military power as the power of superstition.

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Original Poetry.

ELLINORE.

UPON a still and breathless night
When heav'n was hush'd and earth was
sleeping,
The green hills wet with dewy light,
And silver tears fair flowerets weeping,
Young Ellinore sped forth to meet,
In the still moonlight vale, her lover;
The turf scarce gash'd beneath her feet,
As she ran up the hill and over.

Lovely and lonely vale it was,
Of grots, and glades, resplendent bowers,
And winding alleys smooth with moss,
The green repose of humble flowers.

A shallow bourne roved thro' the dell,
With small discourse and rippling laughter,
 wooing the reeds; then wept farewell,
And mourn'd and murmur'd ever after.

Soft mossy banks and rushy beds
Border'd that slow delaying river;
Too perilous a place for maids
When they are seized with love's sweet fever.

Young Ellinore look'd up the glen,
Young Ellinore look'd down the valley,
Young Ellinore look'd homeward,—when
A youth sprung o'er the green-wood alley.

The moonbeams kiss'd the glimmering trees,
The moonbeams kiss'd the sleeping flowers;
"Oh!" said the youth, "shall lips like these
Kiss,—and not kiss such lips as our's?"

He strew'd his couch with rush and reed,
He strew'd it o'er with bough and blossom,
He lay that night upon that bed,—
Young Ellinore lay in his bosom.

Ah, luckless night! ah, luckless hour!
Oh, had she loved less well, or never!
No maid, no wife,—a paramour!
Young Ellinore is lost for ever. D.

HARVEST HOME.

WHEN summer gives the golden store,
And reaping time is come,
Of all its joys I ask no more
Than those of Harvest Home.

When all the rustic swains are gay,
And well fill'd tankards foam;
The welcome summons I'll obey,
And join the Harvest Home.

The splendid feast, the rich regale,
That mark the lordling's dome,
Yield to the song and merry tale
That grace the Harvest Home.

While some delight with dog and gun
The new-reap'd fields to roam,
'Tis mine, when all the toil is done,
To view the Harvest Home.

There Nature's truest pleasures reign,
Tho' unenjoy'd by some;
But, spite of all the cynic train,
I'll join the Harvest Home. E. G. B.

IMPROMPTU,

On the loss of some old Friends.

QUITE oddly we feel at the loss of old friends,
Like fish out of water, like quizzes, like
ninnyes;
And pray who can wonder? for much it offends,
That the sovereigns have taken away all our
guineas!

Our bread, too, is chang'd,—and though *not to*
stone,
Yet the sapient M. Ps, those wondrous as-
tounders,
Could not let the half-quarterns and quarterns
alone,
But have giv'n us, instead, great thumping
four pounders!! J. M. LACEY.

TO FANCY.

'Auditis? an me ludit amabilis
Insania?'—HORAT. LIB. 3. ODE 4.

FAIR nymph, who lov'st to haunt the glade,
Or on a mountain's summit laid,
To wake the thrilling lay;
Or standing on some air-crown'd steep
To listen to the foaming deep,
And view the sea-bird's play.

Thy footsteps rove o'er hill and dale,
Where rich in perfume steals the gale
The murmur'ing stream along,
To snatch the fresh and fleeting hour,
Ere noon has sipp'd each dewy flower,
And hear the lark's gay song.

While the air burns with noontide heat,
'Neath shading oaks thou mak'st thy seat
In seeming solitude;
But, peeping from their alleys green,
Dryads and sylvan forms are seen,
The tenants of the wood.

When, by the slumb'ring ocean's side,
At the still hour of eventide,
Thou stray'st in pleasing trance,
Some musical unearthly sound,
From radiant Nereid's coral crown'd,
Floats o'er its smooth expanse.

Thou lov'st to roam 'midst mould'ring walls,
When twilight shrouds the desolate halls
In dark and shadowy gloom;
Then strait appears a brilliant throng
Of knights and peerless dames, who long
Have slept i' the silent tomb.

Lured by the pale moon's silver beam,
As soft it trembles in the stream,
Thou ramblest o'er the plain;
From pleasant lands of faëry
March Oberon's rich pageantry
And proud Titania's train.

Smiling amidst the dreary gloom,
Thou canst bid barren deserts bloom
With gayest tinted flowers;
Canst make the pensive prisoner's cell
A place where Freedom's self might dwell,
'Guiling the tedious hours.

Thy restless footsteps love to rove
Where feather'd songsters fill the grove
With witching melody;
Where Zephyr o'er the Æolian lyre
Sweeping wakes each enchanted wire
To wildest harmony.

Painting owns thine all-powerful hand,
Thou canst, by thy magician's wand,
Make pictur'd scenery live;
Canst social scenes which now have fled
And forms long number'd with the dead
To our remembrance give.

O'er the bright realms of poesy
Thou reignest in supremacy,—
None can share thy domains;
Thy hand, well skilled to strike th' harp's strings,
Makes them breathe lone imaginings
Of spirit-stirring strains.

O'er all in earth, in sea, in sky,
Thro' all thou reign'st, exalted high
In majesty sublime;

When to dust monumental stone
Crumbles, thy power will still be known,
And 'scape the scythe of Time.

Thee, with thy thousand varied charms,
Fain would I clasp within my arms,—
Thy sweets can never sate;
With thee would seek the sylvan bower,
Or lonely ivy-mantled tower,
And brave the storms of fate.

Should luckless love or pining care,
Grim poverty or fell despair,
E'er my companion be,
May'st thou be nigh, my fears t' arrest,
To lull to peace my troubled breast,
And dwell for aye with me. W.

Fine Arts.

THE COSMORAMA.

'Nothing can come of nothing.'—SHAKESPEARE.

I HAD heard a great deal about the
Cosmorama, and therefore, though I
did not expect any thing *very* great, I
hoped to have found it an exhibition
of some interest, if not an absolute
treat. I supposed of course that it
would partake of the nature of a pano-
rama—perhaps an improvement on it:
I was terribly disappointed! I paid
my shilling and walked into a dark
room, (not) enlightened by a few co-
loured lamps; in which room there
was a variety of glass peep-holes, which
reminded me forcibly of the school-boy
days when I used to pay a penny to
look at the *puppet-show*. I went up
to one of the apertures, and I declare
the view I saw did not appear half so
well done as those I used to see for a
penny! It was a view of Paris from
La Rappé: I was rather disgusted!
You look through a square lens upon
a magnified transparency—at least,
such was the effect produced upon
my organs of vision. The person who
was present told me they were not
transparencies, in spite of the evident
hue which was cast from each of the
pictures on any opposite object, which
made me at first *confident* that there
was a light behind each painting as
well as before it, but it seems I was
mistaken. Well, they are the best
imitation of transparent window-blinds
that I ever saw! The next is the Pan-
theon, or Church of Saint Geneviève,
at Paris. This is better, it is like the
original at all events; as for the paint-
ing,—'the least said,' &c. There is a
very gorgeous funeral in the fore-
ground, which the catalogue informs
us is that of Marshal L'Ane. On
taking two paces to the right you find
yourself in America, looking over the
town of Mexico. This is certainly
very amusing; you are to suppose
yourself in a room, at the top of the

house if you please, there are eight windows, and so admirably contrived that from every window you have a distinct view. From one window you look upon the dreary desolation of Kamtschatka; from the next you behold the population and fertility of Italy. It is like the change from a burning forest to the mountains of snow in 'Cherry and Fairstar.' The view of Mexico is tolerable; I can say no more. No. 4. is the Fall of the Rhine, near Schaffhausen, in Switzerland; this is much better than any of those previously noticed: the water is done very well indeed, but the figures are execrable. No. 5. Lostrogh, or village of Pristan, in Kamtschatka: this is also a good picture; it is a winter scene, and the effect of the snow is well represented: in the foreground is a sledge drawn by dogs, and on the right is a scanty assemblage of the few miserable huts which form the village of Pristan. The firs in the back ground form a striking contrast, with their green and fresh appearance, to the universal shroud that is spread over the surrounding scenery: their everlasting life receives renovated vigour from the comparison with the lifelessness around them.

The next picture is the Gallery of Raffaele in the Vatican.—This is the best painting in the room; all things are great by comparison, and this picture would, most likely, look very foolish by the side of an oil or water-color; but, in its present company, it cuts a very respectable figure. The figures of the pope and the two attendants have the negative merit of being better than any of the others, which are in general very bad; on the whole, the execution of this picture is very far above mediocrity; the perspective of the arches is remarkably correct, and the view of the city from between the arches is very pleasing. No. 7. Alexandria, in Egypt; this is every way inferior to the last, but it is rather an interesting scene. On the right there is the once celebrated Pharos, one of the seven wonders of the world; it is now used as a castle to defend the entrance to the harbour. In the fore-ground of the distance,—rather an odd expression that,—is the famous Pompey's pillar, said to be still in excellent preservation. On the left of it is Cleopatra's needle, an obelisk of red granite, 63 feet high. There was lately a great talk of bringing this elegant appendage to a lady's housewife over to England, and erecting it in the open space

before Carlton Palace—what an absurdity! is not Carlton House* sufficiently ridiculous with its row of superb columns which support nothing? It was to be hoped that we were going to leave off our pilferings and petty depredations on the ancients: what should the needle of Cleopatra do in Carlton place? It had better go to the Dover to keep company with Queen Elizabeth's pocket pistol. The last picture is a vessel in flames; I believe it is meant for a representation of the destruction of *l'Orient*, at the battle of the Nile: the flare of the fire is very well depicted, but the waves do not seem red enough in the immediate vicinity of the vessel. We are told that this is the 12th Exhibition, and that a part of the views will be changed on the first Monday of every month: though it is certainly not my intention to visit the Cosmorama again, yet I strongly recommend it to nursery-maids and children, whom I think it will please, and who of course will only pay half price.

T. J. A.

The Drama

AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

DRURY LANE THEATRE.—'Now, by St. Paul the work goes bravely on.' The crowded audiences with which this theatre is nightly honoured, prove that Mr. Elliston's improvements will be as profitable as they are judicious. The house, which is so excellent in its construction, and so chaste and elegant in its embellishments, when filled well, has a particularly grand and imposing effect; and the cheerfulness of the audience part of the theatre tends to stimulate the actors, who generally play well or ill in proportion to a full or empty house.

Mr. Young, who is the greatest attraction at present, has repeated the character of Hamlet, which he plays with an excellence peculiar to himself, and has also twice appeared in the character of Rolla, in the tragic play of *Pizarro*. This play furnishes a remarkable instance of a piece written on a particular occasion, outliving in popularity the circumstances that gave rise to it. *Pizarro* was produced in 1799, at the time that England was threatened with invasion; and Sheridan, who was a true patriot, painted in glowing colours the glory and the duty of dying for our

* A celebrated Italian architect, on seeing the useless pillars in the front of this mansion, made the following impromptu:—

'Care colonne ch  fate qu ?
Non sapiamo in verit .'

country. Nothing could be better for Britons, but it was certainly a little out of place to hear a Peruvian say, 'the throne we honour is the people's choice.' Yet, notwithstanding this evident incongruity, *Pizarro* was unprecedentedly popular; for a whole season it filled Drury Lane Theatre, and even Covent Garden Theatre too with the overflow; twenty-nine thousand copies of the play were sold in a short time, and it is still highly popular.

Young's Rolla is a very spirited performance, in which he unites all the chivalrous heroism of the soldier to feelings of the tenderest affections. His figure, voice, action, and style of declamation are all calculated to give effect to the character, and his performance has long been ranked as one of the best things on the stage. Mr. Cooper played Alonzo extremely well. Miss Edmiston's Elvira was a correct and judicious performance, though somewhat tame in the early scenes; Mrs. W. West's Cora was good.

The comedy of *The Road to Ruin* has been twice performed. Elliston's Harry Dornton is a chef d' uvre, and is one of the few characters in which age has made little alteration in him. Munden's Old Dornton is only to be seen to be admired. This part was played on the first night with great ability by Dowton: Munden, however, who had been ill, but could not, we presume, suffer Old Dornton to be in other hands than his own, appeared on Saturday night in the character, and was most enthusiastically received. Mrs. H. Hughes, from the Exeter Theatre, made her debut in the character of Sophia, which she played delightfully. Mr. Barnes, from the Haymarket Theatre, also appeared in Sulky, which he played very respectably, and the comedy, thus strongly cast, was received with great applause.

On Thursday *Wild Oats* introduced some excellent acting; but Elliston's Rover, Dowton's Sir George Thunder, and Knight's Sim are too well known to need criticism;—nothing, in fact, can excel them; Terry's John Dory was an additional attraction, which ought not to pass unnoticed.

COVENT GARDEN.—Miss Paton, from the Haymarket, whom we have often had occasion to panegyrize, made her first appearance at this theatre, on Saturday night, in the character of Polly, in *The Beggars' Opera*, and her debut was marked with the most flattering approval. Miss Hallande played Lucy and Mr. Pearman, Mackheath,

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and the entire opera was well performed. A new serious melodrama followed, entitled *Ali Pacha*, which has little to recommend it from the pen of the author, who has neither kept to historical facts nor imparted the interest which they could justly have afforded, as may be seen on reference to our reviewing department, in which the closing scenes of Ali Pacha's life are given with interesting fidelity; however, notwithstanding this material deficiency, so beautiful is the scenery, and so much did the performers exert themselves, that the piece went off without censure, and has been repeated several evenings. On Monday, Miss Paton played Polly a second time, and, though labouring under considerable indisposition, delighted the audience, who, *malgré* her sufferings, compelled her to sing one of her songs a second time.

On Tuesday was played Mrs. Centlivre's lively comedy, *The Wonder*, in which Miss Chester played Violante for the first time; it was an unequal performance,—some parts commanding our highest admiration, and others falling short of our expectations; but even in these the defects were not strong enough to deaden the general interest, and it would be difficult to point out any performer who could make the entire representation of this arduous character more perfect. Mr. C. Kemble is inimitable as Don Felix, and Mr. Fawcett's Lisardo deserves equal praise. Mr. Yates's Gibby should not be passed over without favorable notice; his imitation of the broad Scotch dialect was excellent.

On Wednesday we had *Twelfth Night*, in which Miss Love, as Olivia, sung prettily but not very effectively, and Miss M. Tree was Viola; this lady never takes any part in which she does not command admiration; but perhaps, the best personation of the evening was Farren's Malvolio, which is a fine piece of acting. Mr. Bartley's Sir Toby Belch also deserves commendation, but in the others there was nothing singularly good or bad, worthy of particular notice.

Thursday presented the novelty of three new candidates for histrionic celebrity, but, whether from the wetness of the evening, or a desire to hear of the result from the public prints, or any other cause, it is remarkable that the public shewed so little interest in these theatrical affairs, that, till half-price commenced, the house was thinner than we have witnessed it this season. The tragedy of *Douglas* was revived for the

purpose of introducing Mrs. W. Clifford as Lady Randolph, and a gentleman as Norval—his first appearance on the London boards; we understand his name is Mason, and that he is a nephew of Mr. C. Kemble. Mrs. Clifford's tragic powers are certainly above mediocrity, and she gave many passages with much pathos, but a monotony of tone pervaded her entire performance, and whether she was meditating upon the sorrows of life or suffering under the keenest anguish, the same mode of expression prevailed; on the whole, however, her performance was good, and she will, doubtlessly, become conspicuous among the *dramatis personæ* of this theatre. But of the gentleman we cannot speak so favourably: he is literally as he describes himself—'rough in speech and rude in action'; his person is good, his voice harsh, and his action inelegant,—consequently he failed in giving a good representation of Norval; he was, however, much indebted to the partiality of a part of the audience, who drowned a slightly marked disapprobation with their plaudits. No new beauties were elicited in this representation of *Douglas*. Mr. Yates, as Glenalvon, sometimes reminded us of Kean, and several passages were very forcibly given; his character was by far better sustained than any other, unless we admit Mr. Bartley to share the palm, who certainly personated the Stranger very respectably. The tragedy was announced for repetition on Saturday. The excellent musical farce of *The Poor Soldier* followed, and the facetious Mr. Keeley, who is not unknown to a London auditory, made his first appearance here as Darby; he played the part with great humour, and contributed his full share to the general entertainment. The farce was well cast, and the audience seemed delighted.

Literature and Science.

NORTH-WEST LAND EXPEDITION.

FURTHER PARTICULARS.

Captain Franklin has succeeded in surveying the northern coast of North America, from the mouth of Copper Mine River, for more than 500 miles to the eastward. He found the mouth of that river in lat. 67 deg. 48 min. which is four degrees less than what Hearne made it, and no point of the coast to the eastward exceeded 68 deg. 20 min.; in one place it came down to 66 deg. 30 min. to the Arctic Circle. The sea was studded with innumerable islands, between which and the main land was an open channel of water four or five miles wide, and from 10 to 40 fathoms deep; no ice whatever, but

some small masses here and there adhering to some rock or promontory, all of which is highly favourable to the success of Captain Parry, who, however, could not have arrived on the part of the coast to which Captain Franklin proceeded until the latter had left it on his return, which was on the 25th of August, and at which early period the winter set in, and continued with great severity, though, as every body will remember, we had no winter at all in England.

On the 5th of September, on their return by land, a snow storm occurred, which covered the earth with two feet deep of snow: this was the forerunner of all the misfortunes that befel the party. The musk oxen, the rein-deer, the buffaloes, and immense flights of birds, immediately hastened away to the southward.—Their provisions were all expended, no firewood was to be had; the fatigue of dragging their baggage through the snow induced them to leave their canoes behind. With great difficulty, and in the utmost distress from cold and want of food, they reached the Copper Mine River, which lay between them and Fort Enterprise, where they had passed the previous winter, and where they expected to find a supply of provisions. There was no wood to construct a canoe, or even a raft, and eight days of the only fine weather during the whole season were lost in fruitless attempts to cross the river, which was at length effected by a sort of boat or basket of rushes, which, with the utmost difficulty and danger, carried over the party, one by one, filling every time with water.

From this moment the Canadians began to droop, and, before they reached their destination, not less than eight of them perished from cold and hunger, the whole party having subsisted almost wholly on a species of lichen which grew on the rocks, and by gnawing pieces of their skin cloaks. With exactly the same hard fare, and sometimes without even that for two or three days together, the five Englishmen, Captain Franklin, Lieutenants Hood and Back, Dr. Richardson, and an English seaman, supported themselves by their buoyant spirits, and did all they could to cheer up the desponding Canadian hunters, but in vain; they became insubordinate, refused even to go out in search of game or firewood, straggled away from the rest of the party, and frequently laid themselves down on the snow, indifferent as to what might befall them.

With the most anxious desire to preserve their lives, Dr. Richardson and Lieutenant Hood consented to remain behind to attend to three of these infatuated people, who were unable, from weakness, to proceed. Two of them died, and the remaining one, a good marksman, and more vigorous than any of the party, became so savage and ungovernable, that he refused to shoot any thing for their subsistence, or even to fetch a little firewood, which Dr. Richardson and the

English sailor were obliged to do; and while this savage was left alone in the tent with Lieutenant Hood, the latter being indisposed and sitting over a little fire, he shot him with his musket through the head, and killed him on the spot. After this he became more violent than ever, his looks were wild, and he muttered threats that could not be mistaken, so that Dr. Richardson, for his own safety, and that of the sailor, who had been a most faithful companion, found it necessary to get rid of the monster,* by shooting him through the head. Thus, of 20 persons which composed the expedition, 10 perished:—eight through cold, fatigue, and famine, and two by violent deaths; but the rest of the party, after almost unparalleled sufferings have returned to their friends and their country. It must be highly gratifying to the naval officers that in their absence they were not forgotten, but that each has received a step of promotion in the service. Lieutenant Hood was considered as an excellent officer, and an accomplished young man, who, among other acquirements, was an admirable draughtsman.

Literature in Buenos Ayres.—Since this part of the new world has been rescued from the dominion of the old, literature and science have begun to make some progress. We have received several numbers of a new periodical publication, which promises to be of great value, if pursued with the same intelligence that characterises the numbers we have received—the first number has not come to hand; but the second, which is of the 15th of March, 1822, commences the second section of the work, with the head *Topography*; the title of the work itself is *The Statistical Register of Buenos Ayres*. The first section describes the city of Buenos Ayres circumstantially, and contains a great variety of statistical tables, in which latitudes and longitudes of the principal places are given. A meteorological table, the thermometer according to Fahrenheit, the prevalent winds, and the sensible temperature for January, 1822.—The hottest day was the 1st of January, when the thermometer was at 91 mid-day—evening, 80; the lowest was on the 11th, at 61. Another new work has been commenced, under the title of *La Abeja Argentina; or, the Bee of La Plata*—which is published on the 15th of every month, at four reals (fifty cents) the number. This work is a happily digested miscellany, in which the physical and political philosophy of the age is displayed with as much intelligence,

* The man was no doubt insane, in consequence of the hardships he, with the others, had gone through.

boldness, and decision, as in any other country, and with talent equal to any. There have been established at Buenos Ayres, besides the Public Library, the following associations of enlightened and scientific men,—the Literary Society, the Medical Society, the Society of Physical and Mathematical Sciences, and the Society of Friends of the Country. Besides, there is an Agricultural Society and a Society for Promoting the System of Education by Analytical Instruction.

Messrs. Colburn and Co. in conjunction with Messrs. Bosange and Co., have contracted for the purchase of the genuine Memoirs of Napoleon, dictated by himself during his exile at St. Helena. They are editing by the Count de Montholon and General Gourmand, and the first two volumes may be expected in a few weeks.

It will be recollected, that the celebrated Count de Las Cases kept a regular journal of his conversations with Napoleon, during the whole time he remained at St. Helena. This journal, which was seized with the Count's other papers, has been lately restored by the British government, and will very shortly be published in London.

We understand that some very curious memoirs of the French Court will shortly appear from the pen of the late Madame de Campase, the first lady of the bed chamber to the late Queen Marie Antoinette, and directress of the celebrated establishment of Ecouen under Napoleon.

A new novel, entitled 'Isabella,' will be published early in November, from the pen of the admired author of 'Rhoda,' 'Plain Sense,' &c.

The Bee.

Prophecies.—Counsellor Lillienstern, of Frankfort on Mayne, has published a very singular work, in which he attempts to prove argumentatively and methodically, that the predictions respecting Anti-christ are now on the eve of being accomplished. Anti-christ, he asserts, will appear in 1823; his arrival will be succeeded by ten years of religious wars; after which the millenium, as he assures us, will commence in 1836.

Louis XIV. was born on a Sunday; and, to flatter the puerile vanity of this monarch, or, possibly, the ignorant caprices of his female favourites, the pious Racine composed the following sort of astrological elege:—'Sunday, the day

of the sun, whose constellation (i. e. constellation of the Dolphin) is composed of nine stars, answering to the number of the muses, surrounded by the eagle (the symbol of genius), by Pegasus (indicating a great force in cavalry), by Sagittarius (infantry), by Aquarius (maritime power), by the swan (the poets, historians, and orators, who will celebrate him), &c. &c.

Advertisement.

Surry Institution, 26th October, 1822.

THE PROPRIETORS, SUBSCRIBERS, and the PUBLIC, are respectfully informed that JAMES JENNINGS, Esq., will deliver, gratuitously, on Friday next, the 1st of November, at seven o'clock in the evening precisely, A LECTURE ON THE HISTORY AND UTILITY OF LITERARY INSTITUTIONS.

That the following Courses of Lectures will be delivered in the ensuing season:—

1. On the ELEMENTS OF CHEMICAL SCIENCE, by GOLDSWORTHY GURNEY, Esq., to commence on Tuesday, the fifth of November, at seven o'clock in the evening precisely; and to be continued on each succeeding Tuesday.

2. On MUSIC, by W. CROTCH, Mus. D. Professor of Music in the University of Oxford.

And, 3. On PNEUMATICS and ELECTRICITY, gratuitously, by CHARLES WOODWARD, Esq. early in 1823.

Privileges of Proprietors and Subscribers.

Proprietors and Subscribers have access—

1. To the NEWS' ROOMS, furnished with the principal Morning and Evening Papers, the Gazettes, &c.

2. To the READING ROOM, which is regularly supplied with the Literary Journals, New Books, and Pamphlets of present Interest.

3. To the various Courses of LECTURES delivered during the Season.

4. To a convenient LABORATORY, furnished with the necessary apparatus, affording every facility to Chemical and Philosophical Researches.

5. To the LIBRARY OF REFERENCE, comprising a Selection of the best Works in every department of Literature and Science.

6. To the LIBRARY OF CIRCULATION, consisting of Standard Works in British Literature; Voyages, Travels, and Topography;—History, Biography, the Belles Lettres, Science, and the Arts.

Proprietors paying 11. 1s. will be entitled to a Transferable Ticket, admitting the Bearer until the 25th of March, 1823; at which period the Institution will finally close: their personal Ticket is also transferable in their absence. Gentlemen, recommended by a Proprietor, will be admitted at 11. 11s. 6d., and Ladies may attend the Lectures, and have the use of the Library of Circulation, at 11. 1s. for the above period. KNIGHTSPENCER, Secretary.

London:—Published by J. Limbird, 355, Strand, two doors East of Exeter Change; to whom advertisements and communications for the Editor (post paid) are to be addressed. Sold also by Souter, 73, St. Paul's Church Yard; Simpkin and Marshall, Stationers' Hall Court; H. and W. Smith, 42, Duke Street, Grosvenor Square, and 192, Strand; Booth, Duke Street, Portland Place; Chapple, Pall Mall; by the Booksellers at the Royal Exchange; and by all other Booksellers and News-vendors.—Printed by Davidson, Old Boswell Court, Carey Street.—Published in New York by Mr. Seaman.